

Erindalian

VOL. 4 NO. 12

DECEMBER 14, 1971



SAGE

The SAGE has been coming under quite a bit of fire recently due to lack of anything constructive being shown to the students SAGE had, to this point, more or less degenerated into a situation of 3 or 4 people doing everyone's work, and of the last meeting, however, it seems that we are finally got SAGE going.

Captain Reality was present with his usual cries of the "better" ECSU seriously taking over very soon. He cited examples, such as Grunge food (has it been working Captain?) where the ECSU has picked up where SAGE failed to set up an alternative food service. It was pointed out to him that SAGE cannot come up with all the ideas. SAGE did investigate "alternative food" projects but they were all unfeasible. There was, however, no reason for the good Captain not to bring his ideas (in this and other areas) to SAGE, instead of setting up a quasi-parallel structure (financed by who, Captain?) to handle it.

It was pointed out at the meeting that SAGE does, after all, have a constitution and that if the general format of that were put into effect, many problems would be solved. Thus, when any idea or announcement is presented to SAGE, it should be delegated to the proper Commissioner to deal with it, rather than leaving it in the hands of whoever happens to get it.

From this point, we went on to set up each commission with a slate of projects for it to undertake. Each commission, following up on these concrete ideas, is having a meeting this week to decide what projects are feasible, and what can be done now. In this respect, SAGE finally got its Commissions going, and the Commissions and year reps working.

It remains to be seen how well the SAGE might work until April. However, it has started to roll and now with some direction, it looks like SAGE will pick up and improve, and many hassles will be straightened out.

Any ideas or suggestion can be brought to the SAGE at any time, and will be delegated to the proper commission. In this way, much more should be accomplished before April.

Nancy Courtts

TO ALL ERINDALIANS

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from Mrs. Wilson and myself.

It is so easy to say that and such a relief to be back in Canada where college principals are not sent to the fields for a year if they fail to conform that I thought you might be interested in a few observations about the education of one quarter of humanity. They were gathered during fleeting visits in November to places as widely scattered over China as Winnipeg, Washington and New Orleans are over North America.

Up in the north, at Yen-an, it was already snowing. T'u Chin-chang the Vice-Chairman of the Regional Revolutionary Committee gave us these precise figures from a census made on 1st January. In that region out of a population of 1,334,568 people, 213,566 children were attending 4585 primary schools and about 50,000 more were in 353 secondary schools. Two universities were starting. These figures support two general impressions, that all the Chinese will soon be literate and that it is difficult to get into universities.

This is partly because of

the Cultural Revolution, which was described to me at a formal meeting in Peking University with twenty faculty and two students. The quotations are from my notes.

"In 1966 a wave of revolution swept the whole university and workers, peasants and soldiers from all parts of the city came to visit the university. Sometimes tens of thousands came everyday".

Chaos and tremendous quarrelling followed during which "At the instigation of class enemies and because of the weakness in world outlook and lack of experience in revolutionary leadership the teachers and students split into two factions which fought".

Teaching was disrupted. In 1968 "On August 19th the Chairman Mao workers' propaganda team came to our university and put an end to fighting and formed an alliance between the two parts". "Since then the Red Guards and the revolutionary students and teachers went out of the school to carry on the revolution elsewhere and to exchange ideas and propagate Chairman Mao's thought".

The army and older revolutionaries had stepped in. The Red Guards were disbanded and the universities closed. The faculty survived, but they are being remolded. Most of them have already been to spend a year or two in villages or factories. They take their families with them and receive their salaries. In harvest time they cut rice and at other times try applying a college education to local problems.

Meanwhile broadly based committees are thrashing out new university curricula.

In future students wishing to go to university must spend three years after completing high school working in a factory or farm, preferably in a remote place at an arduous job. (In Yen-an we happened upon a girl working in an orchard in the snow. She said she hoped to get into Peking University. Meantime like the other villagers she was living in a cave, neatly cut out of soft loess rock and provided with a door, paper windows and a good stove).

Applications must be strongly supported by both employers and the regional authorities and the final

selection is made at interviews with teams sent around the country by groups of universities.

At university tuition, lodging and books are free. Students even receive 19.5 to 21 yuan a month for food, clothing and pocket money. One yuan is 40 cents, but rice and cotton are cheap in China.

Timetables on the walls show how students' time is organized from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m., 6 days a week, 10 months a year. The available courses are Chinese language, political economics, sciences and the professions. I asked about modern languages and was told that students were expected to learn to read one or two in their own time.

Two of the four universities we visited had recruited some freshmen and were teaching again. At an engineering college in Shanghai one could scarcely notice that anything had happened, but a general university in Canton was still pretty shaken.

To understand these remarkable changes one must appreciate that China is at once one of the world's great and ancient civilizations and

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HO-HUM JUST THREE TANTALIZING LETTERS THIS WEEK

Dear Editor
To The Public

On Thursday Dec. 2 I returned two books to the library. They were due on Nov. 30 but since the power was off on Tuesday I was told that it was classed as a holiday and that there would be no fine for that day. Happy as punch I pulled 40c out of my pocket to pay the fine for Dec. 1 (ie, books at 20c a day for 1 day) But alas

Dear Editor

The question is do Erindale students want a photographic journal of their college? Will they be willing to support this journal by buying it? Rick Wesolowski is begining to work on one but he will eventually need student support if it is to be published.

It will be a photographic journal in black and white or perhaps colour (cost permitting) with some text. It is an artistic endeavour. In some aspects it is a handbook and a yearbook Pictures of the students (perhaps you!) performing their various activities will be the basis of the book. At the moment most of the pictures have to do with the sports activities because Rick feels this is the dominant aspect of Erindale life at this time. It is hoped

To the Editor,

Could you please explain to me the function and reason for the formation of the ECSU Erindale College Students Union. This seems to me to be an absurd move, not solving any problems at all, but creating more for themselves. These people seem to think that SAGE is not doing an adequate job — do they really think that a new name will change things? By the formation of this group, the very essence of

the librarian told me that 40c was not enough and that I would have to pay 80c. In vain I tried to explain that she was charging for the day I was returning my books (ie Dec. 2) Well students, if this is the way fines are calculated at the library, better bring your books back before they are due or else you'll be fined for them. Funny huh?

Tino Temporale

that the majority of students will appear in this book.

The journal as a whole will concern the past few years of college life and will extrapolate a few years into the future. This will be summarized into 75 to 150 pages of approximately one picture per page.

It is hoped that SAGE, the Physical Education Department, the Deans office, the Principal's office and the Registrar's office will support this project.

If possible Rick would like to work throughout the summer (perhaps on an Opportunities for Youth Grant) to complete this book.

Everything is still in the formulative stage and suggestions are welcomed. It is hoped that 20 pages will be ready after Christmas.

SUSAN

the school and the people who are at the core are being divided into two factions. If these people want to do anything for our school, then they should realize that cooperation is a far more successful route than division and competition.

I would appreciate a further explanation of the views of the ESCU and what they intend to do for the school.

Sincerely
Concerned Student

A Christmas Greeting from

The Deans' Offices

Toddies and Temptations;
Egg nogs emptied in
existential ecstasy.

Toasts and roasts
and rests to rule-

From the Deans to you all-
A Cool Yule.



Airedale Collitch was shocked to learn of the death of Capturing Realty. The defender of student interests at the Collitch was killed today in the library.

The Capturing was in the stax when a copy of "A Shart Istory of Indoostan" fell from the shelves and struck him daid.

The funeral held at ONT Place was quite affair.



E.C.C. REALITY

PART TWO - HOW MANY COLLEGES CAN A COLLEGE HAVE IF A COLLEGE COULD HAVE COLLEGES?

OR THE SCANDAL THAT NEVER WAS.

The other day in the mail I received a letter from the Office of the Registrar concerning E.C.C. business, moments of the last meeting, new business, etc.; and in the middle of all this paraphernalia was a small innocent looking letter that shook me. What (you naively ask) in the hell could have shook him? It certainly was not the size of the letter but what it said, and it said this: "The Committee on College Structure is anxious to obtain your views on the proposed sub-division of the Erindale Campus into Colleges. If you have any ideas as to a rationale for such a procedure would you please put them in a memo to Dean Robinson. (signed) J.J. Rae, Secretary, Erindale College Council."

What a heavy letter! I was truly shocked to see such a monumental error actually being in process of being seriously discussed by members of this college community. Surely it is realized by all concerned that the proliferation of Erindale into many colleges would quickly kill what little satisfaction many of us derive from being here at Erindale, namely the peace, nature, and small campus that has drawn Erindalians together. There is also something far more serious and that is the irrationale of such a procedure. To the many who know

and understand, even arguing about the whole thing is superfluous because it is so obvious. To them there is no rationale in the dividing of Erindale into many colleges, it is a blunder. But to those who don't understand an explanation is due, and is coming accordingly.

First of all let us consider the proposition. The question at hand is the dividing of Erindale into colleges. How many colleges is it going to be divided into? According to an informed source it apparently seems the number is five, half of the total number of colleges in the entire U. of T. When is it going to happen? Well it seems that it is presently being discussed; however it seems that a pattern is already being established

procedure . . . "). And this is the question that any logical being should ask himself/herself in the event of having at least some idea as to real situation that exists at Erindale. And here is my answer.

To subdivide Erindale into the five Colleges will compound the following miseries:

1) (the first and most obvious) There will be a marked increase in the bureaucracy and as inevitably occurs an increase in apathy amongst students, professors, and the bureaucracy itself. There is no need to argue whether or not this is good or bad; it is bad. It is bad because in these troubled times (excuse the rhetoric, please) there is no possible excuse for the deliberate compounding of the alienation of individuals, regardless of their class or function.

2) The aesthetic beauty of the campus (already ruined to a degree by the "temporary" portables) will be destroyed by the building of more buildings.

However, I have only discussed the miseries that will result I have not discussed the irrationale as of yet. It is as follows:

N.B. The following material in quotes comes from the "Report of the College Implementation Committee - Draft 11" more specifically that part which deals with the "Suggested

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E.C.C. REALITY

Cont'd from Page 2

Method of Implementation of a College Structure for Erindale". 1) "Existing disciplines, their administrative arrangements, and their needs shall continue to be a central campus responsibility. Colleges will not be responsible for hiring faculty or admitting students to the Erindale Campus. People come to Erindale - they then choose a college. The minimum number of colleges at Erindale shall be five; one of them, at least initially, should particularly consider the needs of part-time students.

The grist of their argument seems reasonable when one is discussing in the light of the fact that there is going to be Colleges, and yet the colleges are not even in existence ... on the proposed subdivision of the Erindale Campus into Colleges ... from the letter that was quoted at the beginning of this article. There seems to be definite lack of communication



between the Committee on College Structure and the College Implementation Committee happening here. Which of course leads us to the question if there is already a lack of communication between the various committees on campus, how would one resolve the lack of communication that would inevitably result when Erindale proliferates into colleges. This is an important factor to consider, with an increase in the number of 'layers' that will exist when the "college system" is implemented how will one manage to say something to somebody else; especially when one will have to go through the various departments in each college, then through the college to the campus, then through the various bureaucratic layers in the college ... and so on. Of course one could counter that the increase in efficiency will result when the Campus is divided into colleges, it is even pointed out on the first page of the "Report of the College Implementation Committee-Draft 11"; "To avoid unnecessary inefficiencies and complexity of administration that would lead to frustration with bureaucracy." This myth was just exposed in the previous words but for the sake of clarity I shall make my point beyond doubt.

To those who believe that there will be an increase in efficiency, and especially to

the one who wrote the following words.

"What we seek then is a community where the human resources can engage themselves fully in scholarship, personal interactions and growth of a rewarding kind, and the thoughtful appraisal of general and specific problems of our civilization, society and times. To achieve these aims in a single monolithic structure would be difficult. The aims of large institutions are difficult to define, and even more difficult to implement in ways that accommodate the interests, desires and needs of each member. In order to create a lively community, explorations are required by several groups. Well defined aims of professionalization and specific skills are probably well served by the existing departmental structure. Other needs can be satisfied by a college system. It is envisaged that the colleges would operate principally to provide the essential sense of community in which innovation (academic, social, and governmental) could be pursued."

What I have to say is that the proliferation of any organization will inevitably result in a communications breakdown (the above quote is from-but of course-the "Report of the College Implementation Committee-Draft 11" page 3.). This breakdown has already occurred as I showed in the last paragraph. But what is more important is that the presumed increase in efficiency, ability to form relationships, the freedom to pursue things, etc., will not occur when there is going to be a communication breakdown with an increase in staff, bureaucracy, students, colleges, etc., because with no communication nothing is done. And to say that an increase is going to have a probability of one, is a sure thing, but to suggest that is necessary to 'create' more institutions to handle more students is a buck passing argument. It is not enough to simply 'create' more institutions, one must first work within the already existing framework and adapt it if necessary to an increase in demands at a later date but certainly not as such a date when the college is only in its fifth year of existence. This is part of the solution to handle the increase in students.

2) "The colleges themes have one specific purpose - to assist in the formation of planning groups. Once formed each group is to have maximum freedom to define its own destiny." I decided to include this piece of literary artistry because it just substantiates my above thesis, already proliferation of "planning groups" has been planned. How many more planning groups will be planned by planning groups is a question that only Captain Reality's ghost can answer. And of course in it is

essential to realize that the more groups one has the greater the possibility of communication breakdown, which results in nothing.

3) A final and closing statement on this matter (because for the moment I have ran out of arguments) is in order. It occurred to me that Erindale is already a college of the U. of T. (I distinctly remember having to choose which college I would be going to on my entrance papers) and that Erindale is going to have more colleges leads me to the title of this work - 'How many Colleges Can A College Have If A College Could Have Colleges?'

Now the time has come for me to finish this work. All I have to say now is that I believe that Erindale being subdivided into colleges is not good, and I hope my above arguments at least throw some doubt in to the souls of those who believe that is good. Next issue - Part three of E.C.C. Reality.

.... by ... F.M. Jaworsky.



MORE LETTERS

Dec. 7/71.
To the Editor,

People at this College are not apathetic, indeed everyone is interested in something. Rather, I would label as "selfish," the people who yell "APATHY" for expecting others to be as fanatical about what they are doing.

GUINNESS STOUT.

Dear Editor,

For the sake of preserving the sanity of some individuals in this College, would you please reveal the identity of the funny freak, the daffy dummy, "The Court Jester", "- (m.s.) -" or whoever in the hell he is (or she is).

the heavy



MEETING NEWS

An assemblage of the Interdisciplinary Studies Committee took place Dec. 7th in which various items were discussed and perhaps may be of interest to you.

Several new courses of the Interdisciplinary discipline (couldn't think of any other word at the moment) will be added to the 1972-73 calendar. I particularly liked the sounds of one course on Deviance. (Look out!) There are already three Soc. courses associated with deviance but this new course sounds more defiant. It will encounter and discuss such phenomenon as swearing, name calling and will include a field research project and workshops. (Several people around this College would make perfect subjects) Also, students will be able to interview and work with homosexuals and alcoholics, if they wish. This is a specialized course which probably would be under a Socio-linguistics discipline and will have a limited enrolment.

Another matter discussed was UNI 100. This "course" was brought to Erindale on a two year experimental basis. UNI 100 is now two years old and will have to be brought forward to the "Board of Judgement" to see if it is worthy of remaining with us. Several opinions were expressed with a large majority of favorable ones. In my own opinion, I think UNI 100 serves the professor, the student and the university system, and should remain. But enrolment is down this year; why? (Who told tales of those wild orgies and frightened away new participants?) This UNI 100 business will be discussed in detail in future meetings of the Committee and will be dealt with then.

A couple of other topics were brought up, but of the everyday questions about courses and such. So that's all for now as the Committee has planned a fishing trip for the Christmas Holidays. ... by ... T.A.

ERINDALE OUTING CLUB PRESENTS :

QUÉBEC WINTER CARNIVAL

FEB 10 - 14

\$40.00

Deposit \$10.00 at Phys Ed
Shed Tues. Dec 14, 9 a.m.

LIMITED SPACE

(cost includes transportation
by train, accommodation and
some carnival activities)

HISTORY STUDENTS READ THIS

There is, at Erindale, an informal group known as the History Student Faculty Committee. This body is dedicated to improving the quality of our history courses at the college from the students point of view. Being an informal group, we work stealthily behind the scenes to settle problems, offer improvements and generally act as a liaison between students and faculty members. However, because we are an informal group we are not well known by many students. Therefore, I would like to make two points. First, from now until the end of the school year the Committee will publish its' minutes in the Erindalian to let history people know what we are doing. Secondly, I will emphasize that we DO exist and WE ARE AVAILABLE to settle any problems that history students may have. Every course at Erindale has a rep on the committee so if any student wishes to settle a problem he can approach his rep who will pass on

the info to the committee. If you don't know who your rep is you can contact me at 255-3029 or approach Professor Dafoe who will relay you to the appropriate members.

Minutes of the Last Meeting -
Dec. 9, 1971.

1) It was agreed that the committee should not join with the History Union downtown but should maintain contact with this group on an informal basis.

2) It was agreed that the committee should try and bring in as many films as possible during the remainder of the school year.

3) The committee agreed to wait for S.A.G.E. course evaluations before deciding to use the same questionnaire as last year or to use S.A.G.E.'s version this year.

4) The committee agreed to maintain informal relations with history groups on other campuses throughout Ontario (ie. letters etc.)

Rick Butt



Members of German Club doing Labbat's

German Jingle Bells

Saturday, December 4th, the German Club held a Christmas Party at Erindale. A young band was hired to entertain the many guests. They played German music, polkas, slow dances, modern pieces with a "conservative" pace and several waltzes and so on. The 450 guests seemed to enjoy themselves, laughing, talking, eating, drinking and dancing. The atmosphere was sort of on the "elegant" side but maintained the Christmas spirit with the red lights, colourfully decorated tree, mistle-toe and candles burning throughout the night. There was even a feeling of "Germanism" (is that a word?) in the air.

Draft and wine (hurray) was sold. Naturally, this cheers up any event and I need not say anything on this point since you all know what fluids of that type can do to the "spirit" of a party. (By the way, several dozens of stemmed glasses... um... mysteriously disappeared that evening.)

After a few hours of dancing, chatting with friends and drinking (of course), the cold buffet was brought in. Though I had my

heart set on potato salad, I settled for the coleslaw, which happened to be pretty good. Coffee and sweets came later. -

St. Nick made an appearance, since it was a Christmas party and Dec. 6 was St. Nikolaus Day. Raffles were drawn with prizes such as "booze" or "Christmas Spirit" (if you prefer); and a special presentation was made to Mrs. Anderson, (Mrs. Graphics) for her help.

After everyone had filled their stomachs with food, they danced and drank and danced and drank and danced and... the evening away. The party lasted till about 3:00 a.m. when most of the guests left. A dozen or so stayed on even later and danced to taped music and finally staggered out by 4:00 or 5:00 or 6:00 a.m. singing, "I could have danced all night..."

The party was well done (except for perhaps the line-ups for the buffet and beverage). I think everyone had a good time and will be looking forward to the German party planned for February.

by... Tanya

MUSIC RECITAL

The final recital of the 1971 term was held on Thursday, December 9th, in Room 292. Miss Janis Orenstein entertained us with selections from Mozart's Marriage of Figaro, Goethe's Faust, and several short poems put to music by Debussy and Schubert. Her interpretation of the Germanic pieces were very expressive and well controlled, a lively contrast to the more sombre Debussy.

Our Xmas greeting and thanks go out to Mr. Buczynski for adding another dimension to the cultural climate of Erindale. We look forward to lots of goodies in the New Year.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS...

THANKS

The social committee of the German Academic Club of Erindale extends its thanks to all those of you who attended our Christmas Party and helped to make it the success it was.

I'd like to apologize about the poor bus service and hereby promise you that I won't use Travelways again.

I hope you can all come to our next party on Feb. 5/72. Due to the fact that we lost \$500 on the last party, we'll have to charge \$1.50 admission the next time. Apart from that, it'll be more fun, more wine, and hopefully, more people.

Thanks again,
K.K.
alias
"The Red Baron"

Up and Coming What's Up

Nothing is planned for the duration of the Christmas Holidays in the way of sports or social activities. But you are welcome to come out whenever you wish. The College offices and library will be closed from December 22nd (5 p.m.) till December 28th (8.45 a.m.)

JAN. 3 - 24: A collection of 35 water colour paintings from the work of the Canadian Society of Painters in Water Colour, a Canadian national organization with members from coast to coast, will be on display.

Dear Editor

I am 8 years old.
Some of my little friends say there is going to be no Winter Carnival at Erindale. Papa says, "If you see it in the Erindalian, it's so."
Please tell me the truth, is there going to be a Winter Carnival?

Virginia O'yasure
169 Jarvis St. No.

Virginia, your little firebrands are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age.

Yes, Virginia, there will be a Winter Carnival at Erindale. It will exist as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest joy and beauty. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Winter Carnival. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no Aaron Space

concert, no all-night movies, no continuous Pub in Colman House, no continuous pub (run by the academic clubs) in the cafeteria, no drama club production of a one-act play, no ice sculpture contest, no football in the snow, no broomball championships, no skating, no sleeping at school, no pancake-eating contests, no local talent coffee shop, no tobacco-spitting contest, and neither a Leigh Ashford nor a Flower Travelling Band concert.

We should have no enjoyment. The eternal light of participation, of bringing your sleeping bag to stay over the night of January 28 and 29, of including yourself in some outdoors activities, of having and making your own fun, would be extinguished.

No Winter Carnival! Thank God it will take place January 27, 28 and 29. Virginia. - ahhh! -

Erindalian Staff



Wishes you all a
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year



WEDDING STUFF

Joy to the world, our merry machinist is coming to the end of her carriage (that's a typing joke). Androuella our typist, better known as shifty fingers is getting tabulated over Christmas holidays, more accurately the 26th December (that's BOXING DAY) in Guelph, to John (we don't remember

his last name, but that's the fellow with the recent haircut). The Editor and staff of the Erindalian take this occasion to extend our heartfelt wishes of good luck, with the condition that she returns next year and continues to type our dribble. Peace on earth!



Christmas means . . .

"Eatons comes to life", Simpsons comes to life and likewise all stores and shopping centres. Buying gifts, giving and receiving gifts, the hustle and bustle of shoppers in the crowds. Christmas means plenty of toys for children, luxury items for all, an abundance of things. Eating heartily and drinking merrily! I'm not complaining. I enjoy giving, also drinking and eating but is this what Christmas

means? For most, Christmas means a time of festivity, enjoyment and relaxation. It is a time to be warm hearted and loving to family and friends, a time of reuniting. Along with the bright lights, Christmas trees, carolling and children, there is a warmth of Christmas spirit and peace. But, this isn't what Christmas means to all, it is a time to remember those who are alone, sick and helpless, . . . it is a time for thoughtfulness. Gillian

To all Erindalians

one of its poorest countries. Today 25 years of peace have followed a century of interference, invasion and civil war. China is seeking to re-establish its prestige, build its strength and raise its standards of living. To speed this Chairman Mao evidently believed that it was necessary to remold the universities abandoning western patterns in favour of different and more practical ones. It makes one wonder whether Canadian universities are the best possible. Perhaps they should be modified in some respects, but if so is there some quieter and quicker way than by a Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution? A Happy New Year to all. J. Tuzo Wilson.

To All Drivers & Hitch Hikers Take Note:

So your professor would not stop talking until 10 after and a long walk from the science building to your locker, made you miss the bus. No longer do you have to get stuck in the college waiting an hour for the next bus, because you see with the help of our fellow drivers and of four orange coloured posts we intend to give a lift at least part of the way to the public transit. The orange posts are of course the hitch-hiking posts that are situated on the North Side of the service road opposite the generator. There are four of them and they lead to following places: Islington subway, Clarkson, Port Credit, Brampton, Streetsville and downtown Campus. We ask all the drivers to please take a look and see if anyone is standing in front of these posts, please give them a ride if it is not out of your way. We also ask all the students and the staff to use these posts whenever necessary. The main purpose is transportation, it would also serve as a way to meet other students. This system has worked very well at other universities, no reason why it should not work as well here.

G. Bachir

Volley balls

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never looked back. By the time Erindale was ready to play volleyball again, they had lost the second game 10-15 and now moved into the crucial third game. The deciding match was to be the most important comeback of the season for Erindale. Falling behind early 1-6, and 2-8, the guys decided that was just about enough. They pulled up their jocks (some put too much effort and began to turn blue) but this gave them the necessary lift. They caught up and passed engineers and recorded the biggest upset in world history, downing the surveyors 15-10 and taking two out of three match. After such a victory, the individual members deserve to be mentioned. They are as follows: TONY (FINGERS) BRUNO BRAD (THE GREMLIN)

SAGE SAYS

At a recent meeting, a motion dully moved and seconded was put to the floor which stated: BE IT RESOLVED THAT SAGE WISHES THE STUDENTS AT ERINDALE A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR Once on the floor, debate proceeded. A member moved an ammendment to the motion of the floor which was dully moved and seconded, that the words FACULTY be added after STUDENTS. Another member concurring and agreeing, to the motion of the ammendment to the motion that was dully moved and seconded, seconded the ammendment. Still another member in wishing to include everybody moved that the words AND STAFF be added after the ammendment AND FACULTY which was duly moved and seconded to the main motion which was also dully moved and seconded. Another member (not any of the above) moved an ammendment that would include the ammendment to the ammendment the main motion itself with the words

EVERYBODY replacing the words of the ammendment to the ammendment AND STAFF' the ammendment to the motion AND FACULTY' to the main motion as above. A vote was held on the ammendment to incorporate the 'ammendment to the ammendment, the ammendment to the motion, and the main motion itself, and the ammendment to incorporate the ammendment (and so on) was passed. After the vote, another member expressed his opinion of the main motion and moved an ammendment that after the words A MERRY CHRISTMAS the words A HAPPY HAN UKKAH be added. Still another member moved an ammendment to the ammendment that the words Thus in the manner of this year's feeling of co-operation SAGE cut the beaurocratic red tape and now WISH EVERYONE GREETINGS OF THE SEASON AND EVERY GOOD WISH FOR THE NEW YEAR

SAGE BUDGET

Executive Commission

Salary	\$ 230.00
Telephone	600.00
Supplies	250.00
Postage	550.00
Photocopy	300.00
Advertising	000.00
Secretary	625.00
Loans	5,000.00
Miscellaneous	300.00
Contingency	000.00
TOTAL	7,855.00

Communications Commission

Radio Erindale	\$4,500.00
Erindalian	7,500.00
Communication Co-O.	125.00
Advertising	100.00
Contingency	000.00
TOTAL	12,225.00

Services Commission

Colman House	\$2,390.00
Saturday Pub	1,000.00
Advertising	200.00
Contingency	000.00
TOTAL	\$3,590.00

Cultural Affairs

Si Club (under Phys ed)	\$000.00
Photo Club	900.00
E.L.C.C.	300.00
I.C.E.	1,000.00
German Club	1,000.00
Spanish Club	500.00
Performing Arts	000.00
Cine Club	1,150.00
P.P.E.	500.00
Winter Carnival	1,000.00
Formal	1,000.00
Social	1,000.00
Advertising	200.00
Chess Club	100.00
Contingency	000.00
TOTAL	\$8,650.00

Education Commission

Orientation	\$1,800.00
Course Evaluations	1,600.00
Special Projects	2,000.00
(Physics Club	450.00
(Amchitka	200.00
Advertising	100.00
Contingency	000.00
TOTAL	\$5,500.00

Budget Contingency: \$1,671.00

Graduating Students

S A G E has made arrangements for Leroy Tou Portrait Studios to take the photos of all graduating students. Students MUST PHONE Mr. Tou (923-9322) and arrange a time which is convenient to them. SAGE is NOT allocating times as we have found this causes too many conflicts. Mr. Tou will be at Erindale starting JANUARY 10. Therefore you must phone BEFORE you come back to classes. PHONE NOW! Or you'll forget! Mr. Leroy Tou 923-9322



THE SWEN REPORT

Part 3 The Students And Their Role (Right on)

One thing that Dribbledale College, in the mythical town of Mississible, had was plenty of students. The students came from near and far, (mostly far) to further themselves for whatever reasons they had. They came and they went; they came again, and so it was that the pattern of coming-and-going became precedent. Some students came to become adults and some came to become children again. The students of the night fell in latter category, although it was observed that some of the students of the day had similar designs.

The students thus saw themselves caught in the INTER-FLUX of Dribbledale life. Many students became involved in the "design-of-things" at the college and others sat back and "got off" on the design reasoning that they had little to do with it and they did not wish to speed up a dying cause.

There were also students who did not wish "to get too deep" and were satisfied with "small games of chance" and "inexpensive modes of entertainment and enlightenment."

And the athletes were few and far between because there were no funds for facilities to develop both bodies and minds at the same time.

And some students viewed Dribbledale as being LIGHT AND EASY and others viewed it as being

HARD AND HEAVY and in the end they would both see that they hadn't seen.

And some students of merit took humorous swipes at other students of merit; by nit-picking the NIT-PICKERS became NIT-WITS.

Thus it came to pass, as it always does, that the Dribbledale Easy Childish Exercise in Non-Committal Theories was created to govern the students, and it was DECENT. And the DECENT president was



chosen from year to year to rule the students. And the DECENT presidents looked for guidance from above (DEPOT) but it was A LONG TIME COMING.

And some students queried, "WHAT IS REALITY?" and others answered quoting Shakespeare, "IT'S MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" and the conflict of disciplines arose and in its light DIS-UNI 100 was created. And did the MASTERS OF REALITY come to the students NEED in their time of TROUBLE?

Yes! They told the students to qualify themselves, and thus it came to pass that the students

came to realize quality. But some ran away and hid in front of the stereo and trembled in its WAKE.

And the students from foreign lands looked at the students from close-at-hand and laughed. And opportunity abounded for them and they took advantage of it and received the highest marks for their effort and because they were industrious they fitted well into INDUSTRY. And it was seen THAT IT WAS GOOD.

And thus it came to pass that the students of Dribbledale became CONTENT and it was indeed a time of contentment for all. And the students came, and the students went; and they came again and they went again. And when they had thrice come they examined the gravity of the situation and determined that it was HELPLESS, HELPLESS HELPLESS, HELPLESS.

And Laslow III said, "If HE can't do it nobody can", and NOBODY replied:

Live all you people you can see where your at it doesn't really hurt you so it can't be BAD.

Happy XMAS and Take it Easy New Year

NEXT MONTH: PART FOUR - THE FACILITIES (TOO MUCH)

... by ...Ray NEilSon

Dear Erindale People,

\$70.00 was taken from my wallet. It probably occurred in the Biology labs on the first floor in the Science Bldg. on Monday, Dec. 6. Please return the money if you have possession of it (mail it to me), because I need to pay my rent. It is a bit cold to live in the streets right now. If anyone knows anything about the where-abouts of this money, please get in touch.

Halina Pawlowski

3467 Ellengale Ave.,

Mississauga

PROJECT ER 13

Library, Lecture Theatre Complex

Oh... classy title... but what does it mean? Well... (I like those dots)... here goes... it's all about the construction. I'll bet you didn't know (or I hope you did not otherwise this wouldn't be news) that the new new building consists of three blocks J.K. and L. Block J, which is supposed to be ready by June 15, 1973, is composed of a two floor library (50,000 square feet, in case you were wondering), two language labs, two learning resources centres, ten class rooms, twenty six faculty offices, a health services room, a bookstore, and the biggy... a 2,000 square foot room for... yes... SAGE.

Now we move on to block, known as Meeting Place to the informed ones. This dill becomes the hub of Erindale. It has a giant main entrance (100 feet by 130 feet) with nine skylights and an elevated platform with lighting and a P.A. system for plays and such. There will be a student common room (with vending machines) that has a glazed glass wall, a study area and a multi-purpose common room. All this is on the main

floor.

One level below will be the duplicating room, the women's change rooms, the phys. ed director's office and equipment issue rooms. And one level below that will be three squash courts, men's locker rooms, student locker rooms, a weight lifting room, and two teaching studios.

On the floor above "Meeting Place" is the administrative area. The 145-150 seat council chamber, seminar rooms, student study rooms, the Principal's office, and the faculty common room will all be up here.

Now, we go to block L. It will have, on the main floor, a cafeteria for 800 people, overlooking the terrace and fountain, kitchen services, and seminar rooms and classes. On the floor above this is to be located two 260 man theatres and two 160 man theatres, more study rooms and (this is my favourite) a common room with a big fire place. I cannot wait!

Thank you Mr. Opalinski (superintendent of construction and planning) for all the information.

Col

HA HA HO HO AGAIN!

Many people around this place like to sound off verbally but it seems that when they're given the chance to blow more hot air with reasonable support behind them, they don't want to. (What am I talking about?)

The "I Dont Give a Damn Band" is starting anew with a fresh start in the New Year. It will be replaced by the Erin Nightingale Sextet. (sexy, eh?) Anyone who is interested in sounding off with musical instruments or instruments that make some sort of noise, are welcome to come out to the meetings at 5.00 p.m. every Wednesday evening in the Music Shed.

The idea of Erindale's own band seems like a good idea and perhaps may liven up the air around here.

Make a New Year's resolution and join something.

So bring your instrument or noise maker (evne one left over from New Year's Eve) and come out and sound off!



LINEAR

Well don't say Radio Erindale never gives away anything. One of our on the spot contests that test the speed and agility of listeners, gave away a free new album to the fastest person to arrive at our studio door. Ken Luckhurst whizzed over and became this week's winner. Every week we will be giving away some little goody starting in the new year. On our first week back after holidays, there will be a special surprise contest. The only way to win is to continue listening to Radio Erindale for hints and details.

Mike Clare has returned to the airwaves. All of his old fans can tune in on Mondays at 10 a.m. thru 12 a.m. Mike will be featuring a good many public affairs and news interviews in the coming year. We invite your assistance in the producing of these interviews with such people as Cyrinx and many others.

Radio Erindale will attempt to operate throughout the holiday season with skeleton staff and automated programming. Anybody wishing to be a DJ for a few weeks at no pay whatsoever and at ridiculous hours, contact us at the station as soon as possible.

Our Production studio is nearing completion within the next two weeks. We ask the indulgence of the many budding singers who want to cut demos. We are temporarily on down time and it is gonna take one heck of a good singer to move us to bastardize the system to record this one person. Wait a few weeks and then we will be able to handle anything you can dish up.

Since this is the last paper before Christmas, you are probably wondering why Radio Erindale doesn't paly much Christmas stuff. We figure that if you wanted Christmas music you could listen to CFRB or another station. In other words, a little bit of this music (as all types of music) goes a long way.

Finally let me wish you a Merry Christmas for all our staff members. We hope you will have a happy holiday and that you'll return in January with lots of compliments for your radio station, heaven knows we're trying as hard as we can.

K L O N D I K E M I K E W A L K E R , T H E M A N A G E R O F T H E Z O O A N D C O M B I N A T I O N D I R E C T O R O F G R U N G E A N D T H E U C S U . . .



MERRY CHRISTMAS PEOPLE

Yes, I know everyone else is saying that, but what do you want? Presents? You're kidding? Okay, but let me warn you, I don't have any money, only wishes, and here they are:

for the principal, an autographed Chinese ping-pong ball . . .

for his wife, a pair of pink ping pong paddles . . .

for Dean Spigel, a bikini clad barbarian

for Trudy, a red racing helmet

for all the secretaries, longer fingernails

for all the technicians, longer coffee breaks

for Ray Neilson, "it's time to unsay" and someone to check it out.

for Peter Smith, a new bag for Paul Trueman, at least one night past 11:00

for Gillian a bunch of spicy food

for P. Trudeau, a boy

for M. Trudeau, a girl

for frank jaworsky something to make the smallness grow . . .

for Brian Seipp, a new digit

for Konrad Westerhof, a solvable physics question.

for Chicken Man, a new show

for the Court Jester, a joke book

for security, Rin-Tin-Tin and bullet proof watches

for Tino, a garden of his own

for Paul Morann, a job at The Hair Cutting Place

for Paul Homsy, an extra inch

for Mike Clair, a pipe that sends smoke signals

for Radio Erindale, a husband for Sally Smooth

and a place on the dial

for the Ski club, a white Christmas

for the Photo Club, a cozier Dark room

for the Italian Club, a jug of home made brew, '69

for the German club, a barrel of imported Canadian Heidelberg

for the Spanish Club, the personal diary of Queen Isabella

GOING ONCE, GOING TWICE, THREE TIMES SOLD!

Last Thursday, Dec. 9th, Erindale College invited grades 12 and 13 students from high schools from this community and Toronto, to "meet the College". The guest students (about 70) with friends and parents, were first of all subjected to . . . er . . . were at the mercy of . . . um . . . well they listened to Dean Spigel's informal address. He got their attention by his . . . um . . . witticism when he began introducing, or rather listing, the Deans and said, "I still don't know how many of them are here." Dean Spigel progressed: listing the facilities available to the students, courses, selection of profs and instructors, student activities and of course the "country" scene.

To strengthen his soliloquy on selling the College, slides were shown, scanning the countryside, science and preliminary buildings and girls. Dean Spigel admitted that the "girls" slides had "nothing to do with the others, but I like it." A couple of slides were of Colman House to which Dean Spigel adds, "This is a view of the secluded Colman House. It's the students' activity house. That's why its secluded." Moving right along now . . .

Following these slides, a film on the audio-visual department was shown. Impressive, after this, Dean Spigel introduced Dean Robinson who furthered the sales pitch, stressed important ideas and others that Dean Spigel failed to mention.

The troupe then split into groups to see the sites. Three tours were given: Psychology, Physical Science, Biology and Environmental Geography. Some of the guest students conversed with profs and some with students, on such topics as courses, the work load, and the social life and of course some popped up with, "Do you know this guy by the name of John Doe, who goes here?" At 9 p.m., all were to meet in the cafeteria for food and refreshments. The visitors were still touring or busy exploring on their own, so we established Erindale folk helped ourselves. Later on, the guest students joined us and questioned us further. "What are the chicks like out here? How's the essay bank? What profs are the best (easiest)?.. Then of course

questions to the profs: "If I wished to pursue my academic studies in the field of Mathematics, what would be the ideal courses for me to enrol in? What kind of lab work is involved in "Geography course, if any?"

About 10:30 p.m. most of the guests had gone - many of whom liked what they saw.

Erindale is a small College, but it's got an awful lot to offer. But we still have no football team! Students have it pretty good as compared to downtown where a student is a nobody and have no say pretty well.

I don't mean to cut up the Deans who spoke, for they did an interestingly good job, but I felt they didn't put . . . well . . . enough oomph into it and did a bit of injustice to the College for it's worth a lot more than they expressed it was. (How do you like that? I actually admitted that I like Erindale!)

Tanya

THE COLMAN DISCOTHEQUE

SATURDAY, 8 JANUARY, 1972

8.00 PM - 2.00 AM

PRESENTS VORONA

in concert

liquor dancing beer peanuts

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL



AND TO ALL A GOOD

for the Cinema Club, a bright star in the east

for Pollution Probe, personalized gas masks

for the Chess Club, a Queen to mate with in the

corner

for Tanya a bell stopper

for Diane Brdar, a WHOLE jug . . .

for the staff of the Erindalian, a new editor

.. for the editor, a new staff.

And to everyone, a very Magic New Year . . . And to everyone, a very Magic New Year . . .

LITERARY

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

FROM THE ERINDALIAN STAFF

FRIENDSHIP AND BROTHERHOOD IN AUGUST



THE READING

(an excerpt from a novel in progress)

The officer on the highway, which was the way to Putim¹ signalled two soldiers to seize Sylvia's suitcase.

"Leave that alone, you hear me?" She screamed and turned to me. "Look, make them stop it!"

"Have you got permission to search people?" I said in Russian. Sitting in our small Felicia convertible squeezed in between tons of military hardware, it sounded idiotic. Then I remembered I wasn't supposed to know Russian.

"Shto?"

"Pazvolenye?"

The commissioner took a deep breath and announced grandly, "*Mu priyechali rozbit contraveloluci!*"²

He looked out across the pretty rolling countryside aglow in the setting sun. Briefly, his gaze rested on an old woman who was disappearing into the distance, dragging at the tether of a reluctant goat, and then he nodded to the two soldiers. The boys grabbed the suitcase and raised their axes. Sylvia rushed at them, screeching.

"Stop!" bawled the officer and drew his pistol.

"Leave that alone, will you? It isn't yours!" Sylvia shrieked, fighting like a wildcat. She didn't realize there was a 12mm (at least) revolver aimed into her back. "You're getting kind of fresh, don't you think?"

She was grappling pretty well with these two flustered tankmen.

"Mommy, Mommy!" Martina shrieked. "He's going to shot you!"

"Right in you fanny!" Martin piped up gleefully and his virtuous sister slapped him across the mouth.

Sylvia wheeled around and stared right into the black muzzle of an over-sized sidearm. Her famous lips curled disdainfully.

"Listen, put that thing away, you hear me? It might go off!"

"Ruky vverch," the officer commanded.

"What's he talking about?"

"He wants you to put your hands up."

"What for, for the love of God?"

She turned angrily to the officer. "Put that thing down will you? You're making me nervous."

But the officer did not lower his pistol. He kept it aimed at Sylvia's chest and again he nodded at the two subordinates. Hesitantly, they started to pry open the suitcase with their axes.

"Oh, Jesus, stop it! That's a new suitcase!" Ignoring the weapon, Sylvia was ready to dash into the fray again, but the officer dramatically interposed himself between her and her luggage and pushed the muzzle of his pistol into her stomach.

"Take that thing away! I'm ticklish!"

Martin giggled from inside the car and another little slap rang out.

"Sylvia, I think you'd better leave them alone," I told her.

"So tell him to let me unlock the bag, at least, my God! Why, it's a brand new suitcase! It cost me almost a hundred Tuzex³ crowns and they start in on it with their pick-axes!"

I explained what she'd said to the officer. Grudgingly, he took the pistol out of Sylvia's navel and Sylvia curling her lip with extreme disdain, unlocked the suitcase and flung it open with a theatrical gesture.

"There, that'll make your eyes bulge, you bunch of hillbillies!" she said.

My eyes and the commissar's and his two soldiers were treated to the sight of a big pile of fancy ladies' underwear in various pastel colors. Some were diabolically crimson, others with stripes and polkadots and all of them were absolutely diaphanous. The Red Army looked down at the stuff in bewilderment. The officer slowly drew himself erect and looked us over with menacing suspicion.

"*U vas eto dla blata?*"

"Now what's the matter?" Sylvia asked.

He thinks you're selling underpants on the blackmarket."

"Tell him to watch his language, okay?"

"It's all her own stuff," I told him.

"*Shto vy vrate—*" the commissar began, and suddenly he stopped. His eyes moved angrily from the Felicia with the two little children inside, all dressed up, and then out over the fields again. The old lady with the goat was almost out of sight. He pawed through the suitcase and pulled out

something. It looked like a bra that somebody had cut in half and thrown away the top part. The officer stretched it awkwardly between his hands and stared at it in amazement. Then he shook his head and made a sound expressive of the feelings of a man who has just had some great truth reverified for him.

"Hey, for the love of God, tell him not to show the stuff around in front of those young studs!" Sylvia said with undisguised anger. "Before you know it, they'll rape me!"

"Those are Mommy's things!" cried Martina Happily.

"Naughty!" Martin joined in, pointing his finger at the commissar.

I looked up at the tank. A flap-eared tank-man was gaping at the thing the officer was dangling against the rosy sunset. Somebody's head in a tank helmet was poking out of the turret, his blue eyes bugging at that unheard of era. I wish I'd known how to paint. Not like some abstract expressionist, but realistically, like Academician⁴ Gerasimov, so I could have captured the scene on that weird evening — the rosy light and the sophisticated war machinery in the middle of that lovely countryside, the sophisticated lingerie and around it, I'd have painted the child-like blue eyes of those all-purpose people.

But I don't know how to paint. Scribbling a stylized cat for Martina's enjoyment is about the best I can do. The evening ended and the scene faded for good. The officer shook his head again and put the bra back into the jam-packed suitcase along with the rest of the shameless garments. At his order, the soldiers closed the suitcase with some difficulty and jumped onto the fenders of the ranks as the officer clambered up into the barrel. The motors roared, raising a cloud of orange dust and the flat-faced monsters moved off along the road which, according to a new sign post, was supposed to lead to Putim.

In Paris later, Sylvia told me that while this had been going on, somebody swiped a box of contraceptive pills out of the suitcase. For a moment we both pondered over what must have happened when a tank crew eats two dozen anti-baby pills. Probably nothing. They've always had strong stomachs.

Josef Skvorecky

I carefully parked the hired Jaguar a respectful distance behind the Rolls, and having clambered out, I braved the rain a few seconds longer to make sure the car was properly locked, before scurrying over to the front door. It was, like the rest of the house, imposing. Complete with brass studs, the door was the kind people buy and then have carefully dented and dirtied. From the look and feel of this particular model, however, I guessed that it must have been Boadicea herself who had done the denting and dirtying. Knocking on this door would have been a futile act, and some flunkey must have surmised the same fact, for there hung, to my right, a wrought iron pull-chain, I dutifully pulled the thing and waited. From the innards of this Keep I heard nothing, however the door was eventually opened by a mustachioed Porter, the kind who would lurk behind the closed door a few seconds so as not to appear too rushed. It was only after I had produced my credentials that he actually let me in out of the rain, and as I passed through the doorway I took a good whiff, and that door smelled old, but that may have been the Porter.

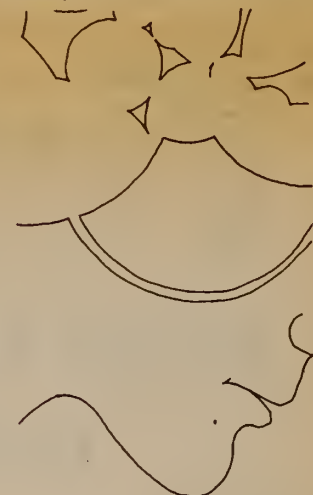
The hall was not very large if you spent your time on the floor, however, the walls towered on up until I began expecting to see clouds near the ceiling. There appeared to be a few narrow windows near the top that let in straight shafts of light, betraying the suspended dust, and giving the impression of some sepulchre of sorts, I stood there dripping on the immaculately groomed carpet, clutching my 'satchel', looking for the Porter who had skulled off somewhere. Standing alone, I could hear the mechanical heart of some hidden timepiece. The rain was something distant but strangely desired in that Hall. The muted click of a distant door opening, the quiet of muffled footsteps, and a Butler, pristine in his cutaway coat, appeared round a corner. All carefully practiced jowl and glared, he was a natural addition to the tasteful Sheraton Furniture.

I gave him my coat, after first making sure there was nothing valuable in the pockets. He did not like that, but only a slight throbbing on his temple gave him away. He was five steps away, my coat quickly soaking his arm, before he realized that I was not following.

"Will you follow me please sir." He was good: there had been no audible hint of hostility. He marched off, with me behind, trying my best to keep out of step. We walked through long, soft halls, where men in red coats and tight trousers looked quietly across to each other through veils of varnish. They did not blink as we interrupted their stares.

At a set of double doors, he met a fresh looking maid, gave her the coat, adjusted his cuffs, and opened both doors to let me in.

I walked into the room and felt as if I had passed through ice-water. The atmosphere in the room was completely different from that of the hall. It was darker, the ceiling was much lower, and the clinical clean smell of the hall was replaced by a musky odour, thick and heavy.



The three Wyndham sisters, the subjects of my call, looked up and began their visual examination. They made no attempt to mask this; they expected their visitors to submit to it. A quiet click behind me told of the butler's retreat.

Seated directly in front of me on a large billowy sofa, Leonora, the oldest and Elizabeth, the youngest, looked very austere in their slightly dated silk creations. Beatrice, holding one hand in the other, as if one was some captured canary, dropped her gaze to the two seated in front of her, and rapidly flapped her eye lids for a few times.

They knew full well why I had come, the importance of my message, yet their attitude toward me was the same as that of our first meeting. It was one of barely tolerated distaste.

I was fenced off from them by a low, heavy table, and it was upon this that I warily placed my wet pouch. It lay in a small puddle while I forced myself to walk calmly over near to the

Cont'd

¹The most efficient method of fighting the Soviet aggressors in August 1968 was putting up false road-signs. It was done on a massive scale, and many a tank battalion was thus led astray. In this fragment, the genius of the people used the legendary village of Putim, on the road to which the Good Soldier Schweik had got lost during World War I.

²"We came to defeat the counterrevolution!"

³Special money, obtainable for hard currency. With it you may buy Western goods in Tuzex, closed for general public.

⁴Party painter, responsible for countless stylized portraits of party bosses.

THE READING

Adam fireplace, from where I picked up a straight-backed chair and returned, all the while my stomach telling me to get out. I carefully placed the chair down and looked up at the sisters, received an inkling of the acquiescent nod, promptly sat down, opened my case and extracted a ream of official documents. All the while I could sense their stare, and compared the table to the tilt of a jousting match. I looked up, fully expecting Emily Bronte to be sitting nearby with a notebook in hand. Being careful not to stutter I spoke:

"The will of your late mother has been read in private to each concerned, as per her last instructions..." I looked up to give the proceedings a bit more drama. The sisters remained frighteningly impassive... no, no their attitude had changed; their backs had become stiffer, more tense. The change was very subtle, with only the tense atmosphere amplifying the difference, yet the feeling of the room had definitely become more encoraching, more restricting, as if they were trying to crowd a statement from me. Stomach thinking told me to speak and run. Mind thinking told me to wait and tune the pause, to play it. I flicked over a few more documents, found a parking summons made out to me, bunched my brows and gave a small 'hmmmm', the kind my doctor always give me. I looked up again, first at their stone faces, then at the heavy portrait on the wall to my left. Dame Wyndham had been a very wealthy and powerful woman, one whom had blustered and brow-beaten her way through life without achieving anything purposeful. An ugly woman, with a small cruel

mouth, a feature not even a hired artist could do much about.

"She left you nothing." The words were blurted out in my anxiety to see their reaction. As one, their faces swallowed, their pig-eyes scanned the room with quick snappish glances, yet they remained immobile.

Leonra's left hand departed from her right and came to rest upon the back of the massive sofa. Her eyes came to gaze on a spray of white flowers jutting from a green plant near the French windows. A second later I noticed Elizabeth's fingers slowly kneading themselves as she sat there, outstretched with her right arm bent at the elbow, and her white wrist bent back. She looked very relaxed now, yet her eyes focussed deep in my head. Beatrice uncoiled, and her hand first fell to her side, then onto the back of the sofa. I heard a clock somewhere strike a quarter past the hour.

"Come Elizabeth, we will be late," said Leonora, still looking at the flowers. The two stood up as one, with Elizabeth flicking a tongue across her drving lips, still staring. I dropped my eyes to the Kashan carpet, as I too stood up. My papers suddenly needed attention, and as I was packing them and my summons in, I heard a bustle and felt them leave.

I looked up and saw Beatrice stand there for a minute, look to her right at the portrait, produce a noise similar to a pained nasal intake of air, and leave. I stared in wonderment. Beatrice had sniffled.

Outside again, I walked slowly back to the car, oblivious of the rain, wondering where that butler would go.

by IHOR PELECH

PRESSURE

— from the novel 50,000 ways to RELIEVE PRESSURE.

A chemical reaction in a cell in the brain caused a nerve to ignite. This triggered others, firing in rapid succession and sending electrical impulses spurting through their channels to every part of the body: to the heart — a heavy pounding as blood was propelled through a vacuum and rush process; to the face — searing eyes stayed their subject and an anguished mouth and forehead set a mood; to the hand — every appendage gripped the stock securely, neither too tight nor loose, and raised its load to the appropriate level; to the finger — the internal pressure found a release: a transmission to an object. The finger squeezed its receptacle and the mechanisms were forced to their limits.

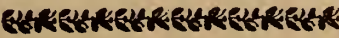
Then another chemical reaction of miniature explosive proportions caused a projectile to jet a fantastic speed until it reached the

intended object.

Did it burn or tear or rip?

None. It dissolved the skin. No bleeding; the heat cauterized the capillaries. As it entered the flesh it slowed considerably. Just under the skin the flesh was ripped, in the more remote layers the searing started. The bleeding began. A small area of the breast-bone shattered: dust at the centre, then sand sized particles, and the rest in pebble sizes. Particles spurted out with blood on to the clothes. Particles penetrated the organs of the body: the liver, the lungs.

The force of the impact caused the projectile to flatten. More resistance. Mushrooming. Arteries behind the breast-bone disintegrated under the shock. Blood spurted. The bullet slowed. It lodged in the heart. Split seconds before a cold passion drowns the brain with a subsiding rush of blood.



Cont'd from page 4

He was alone. He'd wandered through the C.N.E., finishing at the midway. Whirling technology. Happy screams.

He still wondered why Sandy had to be so bitchy. She knew him too well. That was the trouble. She knew how to play him. Should find someone else. But that was part of what she knew about him. That it wasn't very easy. He couldn't just pick 'em up and drop 'em — like some said it was so easy.

He meandered up Yonge Street. Nothing to rush for. The Strip. Ridiculous. Commercialized breasts and bottoms. "Closing Out Sale" "Best Value". A visual cacaphony of signs. Music floating overhead from A and A Records "I don't believe in it anymore."

What was it about that combination of words that reached him so deeply, anyway? Huh, very unique. Him and one million other suckers who'd bought a copy! Did the guy who wrote it say all he'd really wanted to?

Walking past a government building, with a sign on it saying "A place to Stand" Where? Why hadn't he found it yet? In all this crummy world what crummy idea would he, could, he stand for? A pretty girl smiled at him. Nice legs. Round breasts. Expensive clothes.

Oh, hell! She wasn't smiling at him! She'd seen someone she knew pulling up beside him! Well. That's it. In a nutshell. He probably wouldn't like her family much anyway. Or she his... As if it mattered. Sandy had often agreed it shouldn't anyway.

A kid with a shoe-shine stand offered to shine his army boots dirtier than his blue-jeans even.

"Naw, you're in this gig for the money, I hope?" Big smile. Crooked teeth.

"You betcha!"

Wonder what he'll do with all the money he makes some day. Probably turn out to be one of those tight-lipped millionaires everybody's secretly trying to imitate. Is it possible he'll still smile just like that? Don't know whether to hope so or not.

Some guy with a C.P. problem struggling by.

Boy, what kept them going anyway? What rainbow-lit future did they struggle so hard toward?

His own legs, strongly young and long-reaching, gobbled up the concrete — easily "concrete, concrete everywhere" ran his thought but he discarded it without attempting a witty finish. How many miles would all the city's blocks equal end to end. Concrete. That unrelenting testimony to the multitude's mindless certitude that tomorrow would always provide pedestrians.

Sandy should have met him on the C.N.E. grounds. Like she'd promised. It was getting uncomfortably humid. Couldn't ever be sure she'd do what she said. How the hell could you plan anything if your best girl couldn't be counted on. Should pay more attention to all those birds who actively courted the crumbs — like him.

But that was the trouble. You knew they were satisfied with crumbs. Sandy wasn't. So if she'd keep a date, it automatically followed that you were not a crumb — in her books anyway. And they still counted with him. Maybe she'll call, — like she sometimes does, explaining how her modelling job just had to come first.

Who was the old guy with the flowing beard blocking the street? Obviously poor as a hand-me-down. In fact no strand of his apparel could have been on the loom earlier than the turn of

THE SON

the century. What the hell was he doing? Lighting a cigar with a dollar bill? Impossible. As unbelievable as all the whims of human nature are. And therefore asserting a wierd claim to illogical acceptance.

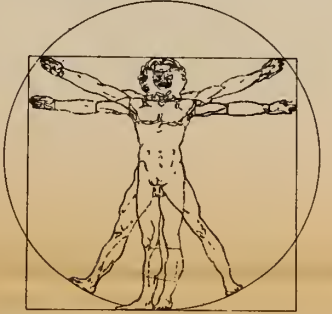
"What the hell are you trying to prove, buddy?" Salvador inquired with a deliberate effort at geniality.

The bum turned a watery gaze full of effort upon him, summoning his attention to his own ragged apparel. It was of more recent manufacture than the old man's but still almost a match for the tramp's own habiliment. The elder tramp's eyes became somewhat scornful as he took Salvador's appearance into the twilight of his benumbed brain.

"And jush who made that any conshern of yoursh? the ancient enquired with the note of disdain so frequently affected by down-and-outers in confrontation with someone recognizably nor more than their equal. Salvador could not be irritated.

"I'll bet that's your last dollar, buddy" he stated flatly, with yet a hint of concern threatening his casual stance.

"So it ish, sho it is" the tramp rubbed at his swollen rummy's nose. "Thash the whole point,



dontcha see? Wash a time when I had more of these God-damn rat-race. Any a'ma friendsh standn' round trumpin m' back now? Not on your life! Shee what mean" He peered at Salvador as if he'd just stated the alphabet to a child and therefore could be captain of instant comprehension. This in spite of his complete lack of lucidity. But Salvador understood in spite of it. Or maybe he didn't care if he understood exactly — he just felt compassionate empathy for all society's outcasts. That was enough understandin. It was his peculiar burden — his personal nemesis. He thumped the old guy on the back.

"Well that's the way to light a cigar anyway. Matches are for the slugs. Wish I had a cigar. I'd light up with you."

The old fellow regarded him bleakly, took a long drag on his belligerently incongruous cigar and the people milled by, a couple pausing to take in the scene, but most unwilling to pay the homage of even a momentary pause, or a few-seconds! glancing appraisal, to two such obviously insignificant characters.

The bum started mumbling again. The dollar still burned twisted in his hand. "Na, ya don't get it, mishter," his exhaled breath was foul with the mixture of cheap cigar smoke laced with left-over fumes of cheap wine. "I'm not stryin' to live a bit of losht glory. M' sayin' don't give a damn for it... his voice trailed away uncertainly...

Just then a policeman, suitably attired as a representative of the people's safety, tapped him on the shoulder. He seemed to have materialized from the very sidewalk — that concrete that endlessly ran, endlessly intersected, like the lives of the people threading over its expanse.

"Say there, buster," the policeman's countenance was sober — self-conscious." It's

against the law to burn money like that."

The drunk wheeled with only a slight stagger and his manner immediately assumed again its cringing belligerence.

"I guesh I can do what I want with my own lash dollar?" He queried with a voice breaking under its own weight of attempted self-assertion. Abruptly he switched to a smile that came out a leer. The policeman had suddenly and obviously become aware of an audience surrounding them — faceless people, unspoken who yet constituted his own claim to a self-identity. An expression, first of annoyance, crossed his heavy-featured face, changing with the passage of an instant to that of the typical bully in the school-yard challenged foolishly by a recognized weakling. His type didn't last long, Salvador thought, not without a sense of gratitude for the fact. Salvador had friends on the police force. He knew all the types. This one would make a big splash with parking tickets and minor arrests, then overstep his authority and leave the force in disgust at being reprimanded. Probably become a warden in a penal institution or mental asylum. After a while he'd get kicked out of there. Salvador had heard the history many times.

But right now, this idiot was part of the duly authority personified and declared. And he was clearly feeling his transient power as drunkly as the bum felt the alcohol he consumed so liberally.

"Just a minute officer." Salvador gave him his respected title in hope of placating his aroused ego.

He immediately felt compelled to ward off further development of what was likely to become one of the nasty "happenings" that kept him rebelling on the fringes of society.

"The old guy's probably deep in his cups and down't understand or give a damn about the dignity of Her Majesty's countenance. Don't make too much of it, and he'll probably never burn another one. The more you fuzz him, the more he'll turn on to burning paper ingots."

Salvador knew instantly the last sentence escaped him he'd made a mistake. He'd lett "fuzz" — that a condemned expression — giving clue to his own background and



sympathetic eyes met his own. Scorn and curiosity, probably the only universe the old guy now was acclimatized to, had once again encircled his existence. And Salvador partook of it in virtue of the sympathy he felt for the broken old reprobate.

The old guy just stood there, swaying ever so slightly, uncomprehending, but occasionally letting his eyes slide nervously toward openings in the crowd.

The policeman's face had hardened at the word "fuzz". His lip took on an invincible curl. He reached with a rough hand for the anonymous old failure scruffily facing him, slanting ever so gently to the motions of the earth, and its endless downward-pulling. "Come on with me, buddy. We'll

Cont'd on page 5

ONE MAN'S WAR

The Coleman lamp cast a subdued glow around the sandbagged walls of the bunker. Cigarette smoke melted into the thick Vietnamese air. There were no bright colours or flashy lights here, just dirty greens, browns, and greys fused into a drab wallpaper for this dank hole. For the Marines living here it was better than a fox-hole.

Turd, Smiling Charlie, Smokey, and Big Tex sprawled lazily on their G.I. cots, breathing smoke and frowning idly at their cards. Staring at the corrugated roof, Max thought hard about the trim little chick he had liberated in town last week. He dared not think too hard, though, because the lamp was still lit. In the corner of the hut a bloated figure was hunched, breathing heavily.

"Hey, Pig, is you goin' horny over dere or issat a sick cow ah hear?" drawled Turd.

The mass of khaki quivered, then turned. "No, it's just my asthma. Lots of pollen in the air this time of year, you know."

Smiling Charlie smiled. "Smokey, did you hear the news? They passed a law down Alibammy sayin' all coons over ten gotta be castrated."

"UP yo's, Whitney!" Smokey tried to sound nonchalant but still he was sensitive — more sensitive than Turd.

"Hey Pig," continued Turd. "Ah bet you'd tak to use dat baby on some o'de Cong out dere. Ain't dat right, Pig?"

The feverish eyes gleamed through the thick lenses. "YOU're darn right I would. I bet I could mow 'em down if I got the chance." He stared with reverence at the death dealer in his sweaty hands.

Piggy envied Turd, Smokey and the others in the shack. They got to fight the Cong he thought. They got to kill the Cong. They got to kill! By now the words were drilling through his forehead. The pain made him wince and he reached into his Corpsman's kit for some aspirins.

Mayne it's not so bad. At least I'm where the action is. A gigantic sigh shook his flabby frame. I did not even think I'd get this far...

Piggy knew the only reason he got into the Marines at all was because of his two years pre-med. The shortage of trained men was acute, what with the war and all. After he got in, the flukes kept happening. That's how he wound up with this outfit. They still hadn't got around to issuing him a rifle. Maybe it's not so bad...

"Hey, Pig. Ef you're gonna put you're dirty paws on, ma baby, at least give her a rub down." Turd

tossed a rag in Piggy's direction. "Sure, Turd. Sure. Be a pleasure." There was something about that rifle that Piggy...

"Well, you guys," Big Tex yawned, "how about lights out?" Max's ears pricked.

"Couldn't we leave it on a bit longer?" Piggy pleaded. He fondled the rifle with almost motherly caresses.

"Ain't you never gonna learn?" Turd asked. "Yo' cain't fight the Cong. Yo' cain't fight nobody. Yo' aint built right fo' fightn'." The few chuckles made Piggy's cheeks burn.

"You is too fat," Smokey put in.

"And you is not black enough," mimicked Charlie.

"Up yo's..."

"Yeh, yeh, I know. I was just kiddin'," Smiling Charlie smiled.

"Even ef you did get the chance, yo' probably couldn't see 'em. You'd start poppin' us off, most lakly." Turd's wit brought laughs this time.



"C'mon, you guys. Quit it." Piggy's head was nearly exploding.

"Fat man, how many more times am I gonna ask you? Turn off that..." Big Tex couldn't finish the sentence. Half his head was blown off.

The little world of the hut exploded. "Cong! Cong!" someone kept screaming. Many forms were jumping and falling and jumping in front of Piggy's eyes. His head throbbed with yells, screamed to him, he stared at the grinning yellow face in front of him. After Piggy fired, the grin disappeared.

Once Piggy started he knew he wouldn't stop. Hurling himself into the fray, he fired with deadly accuracy at the black clad figures entering the hut. Piggy kept shooting until his baby was exhausted. He reached across the floor and grabbed a fresh one and started spitting death again. Why, he was just mowing them down.

Then everything stopped. The noise, the moving shadows, everything had all stopped. Piggy

took off his sweat-clouded glasses. "Hey, fellas, I guess we sure beat the hell out of those dirty yellow..." Piggy stopped and realized no one would answer.

Then he heard voices outside; high, garbled, excited voices. He knew it was the Cong. Quickly, silently, Piggy grabbed the nearest rifle. Checking the clip, he positioned himself behind an empty ammunition locker. The voices were getting closer, closer, until Piggy saw an Oriental face peer through the shattered door.

"C'mon you yellow bastards! I'll kill you all! C'mon!"

The two leathernecks stood gazing at the miniaturized pastures. Vietnam at dusk was beautiful. Green, rose, purple patchworks lay flat and orderly. A meandering blue ribbon of river wandered through the picturesque little valley. It was a beautiful scene, the essence of serenity.

"Did ya' know the guy?"

"No, but I saw him around. Fat and wore glasses."

"Whoever would 'a' thought a guy like that would..."

"Yeh, I know what ya' mean. But it's the quiet ones that'll do stuff like that."

"It gives me de creeps. We're heah to fight the Cong. It's hard enough without weirdos turnin' on theah own buddies. I really can't figure it maself. Imagine, willya, mowin' down his own friends. De guy must be cuckoo or something."

"Just one of those things, I guess. Too bad, too. I hear three of 'em was white men."

"UP yo's!"

BRIAN JONES



RAINY DAY HANGUPS

Something inside me is wrong,
my principles have been bent,
the feeling is strong that I
can't do it again on my own.
— My filtered head is not my home but
I have his love to fall back on —
Say hello, you turn me on — Say
goodbye and I'll be gone.
Can liking an image of hope be wrong.
That's the problem I must walk on,
— tread upon my hangups, mind be strong —
Learning must be twisted to fit the structured line
if it can't be your own thoughts then
just pack up your stress, relieve
yourself of sorrow and carry on —
That dream of success is gone —
But trying and feeling and carry on.

Greg Brooks Year II

DECENT

M and M's

Mystic marble; mayhem
in makeshift myopic manner,
the middling mores of
maniac

memories...
marching morbidly in
measures many;
motoric meaning — in
muted mime
a mantra, mentioned
minimally
in muddled minds;
ma n a g e d, m a i m e d,
massacred,
the mongrel myriads
manacled
in muffled moans; mailed
mastodons muster to
mash the multitudes...
the mitred mighty much
as man is meanly minted.
...by...S.

THE SON

Cont'd from
Page 5

see what a judge thinks about the whole thing." At the word "judge", you could almost see his shoulders broaden and his chest expand.

"If we let everybody carry on like you, we'd soon be animals again."

He looked pleased with himself at this witty resume of his philosophy and glanced about for the expected nods of approval from his employers. They were impassive, curious, scornful. He seemed to sense them relegating his own presence to that of interest equal only with the bum's. He couldn't bear that. He turned on Salvador with an oath.

"Jesus... all we need are good solid citizens like you... he paused deliberately, letting his eyes travel from the longish hair to the dirty army boots..." telling us how to take care of the world!"

Again he glanced around, certain now that he'd outdone himself.

Salvador smiled.

He couldn't help it.

Something had tickled his sense of humour. He fought to keep the smile ingratiating, rather than derisive.

"I'm the old fellow's son officer", he invented on the instant.

"You can't condemn... he groped for the right word..."

"filial devotion" he finished triumphantly, still conquering his smile... keeping it pleasant. He was tasting a corrupt satisfaction from the endless hours he'd spent devouring printed words, shadows of thought that had never satisfied his longing for a solution to human misery. The policeman was puzzled. By that ingratiating smile, but even more by the word "filial". He wasn't sure what it meant but wouldn't admit it for the world, and a hint of grudging respect entered his voice as he now addressed himself to a nonentity who'd yet used language he couldn't interpret with certainty.

"Well, if he's your father, I hope you're ashamed of him — and of yourself, — for letting him go about through to him and unhinged him slightly from his previously-determined course of action."

"Do you work for a living?" he finally ventured with the desire for a negative response lighting his eyes and tone. Belligerence was inexhaustible in a threatened member of society, yet shone undimmed in the eyes of an appointed protector! Salvador studied him.

He was gullible. He was infinitely stupid. That's what Salvador concluded.

"I'm on leave just now from York University, officer." He made an effort to sound suitably humble and gentlemanly to this clod.

"I'm working just now as a Research Assistant on a nuclear reactor centre near Niagara Falls. I'll be glad to call the Chief and have him confirm that for you. He seems to think I'm inebriate on a reserve near there, and wondered what he'd do with such a call."

But Salvador had long ago learned the worth of lying fantastically if you were going to lie at all. He'd correctly guessed the officer's value-system and gullibility too.

"Well, now", the officer was glancing around, taking in the changing expressions on the changing hearer's faces. He directed his response slowly to the sound of his superior's applause. "I think you'd better have a chat with your father about lighting cigars with dollar bills... his voice dropped to a conspiratorial murmur "especially in the middle of Yonge Street."

"I'll certainly do that!" Salvador affected anxiety. "Why,

I've never been ashamed of him! That's why I didn't even want you to know he was my father at first." He pretended an afterthought. "Until I thought you might really jail him... Of course I couldn't let that happen. Why," he was suddenly captivated by his own powers as a master of tall tales, "would you believe he once won a medal for research in Physics?" He paused dramatically. His voice too now sank to a low murmur, "It was the development of the atomic bomb that got him. He just couldn't take any thought of responsibility for what it portended." He'd deliberately selected another learned word to express himself, since it'd worked on this guy before. "Sometimes it takes me months to locate him. That's the main reason I go around dressed like this. So the kind of people he's been associating with will let me know what he's up to." His voice deliberately rose again to an audible level. "But he'd never hurt a flea, officer, honest. He's only got a few years to go... and I'm just trying to look out for him till then."

Salvador raised eyes brimming over with innocent filial love to the burly police officer. He'd really done it.

The policeman put an arm on his shoulder.

"Well, young fellow, he said, "you'd better get him away from here. All these people will be wondering why I don't take him in." He became brusque to indicate how affected he was by this story of love and devotion and disillusionment. He wasn't really, but he'd decided a judge would dismiss the case out of hand. While he'd been unable to read such a story in the old man's appearance and actions, anyone would sympathize with the clear summary of the defence the young man had presented.

The centre of their mutual attention had remained mute throughout the discussion. He probably had been unable to follow the meaning of the conversation completely. Most of the time his mouth had simply gaped slightly, in a way that might indicate drunkenness or total bewilderment — equally. He was now blinking rapidly, evidently trying to summon his wits — his illusive bravado entirely absent — his behaviour now clearly betraying his fear-riddled existence.

Salvador grasped the tramp's arm firmly.

"Come on, Dad". Salvador used the term with assurance, certain of the bum's misinterpretation of its meaning. "I've got some terrific whiskey waiting at the pad." Salvador winked at the policeman and drew the old man away.

They weaved their way through the crowd, Salvador playing the part of solicitous son to the hilt, savouring the failure of the parting mass to understand all the philosophical implications that were playing with his thoughts. As the pair moved up the street, he realized that temporarily, at least, he didn't care whether Sandy called him with an explanation or not. Right at that moment, he felt certain that someone important would call him or he'd call them. Anyway, life was great.

Soon, he was walking alone again, but as was usual and welcome within him, he somehow didn't feel the least bit lonely.

Patricia Kendall



VISIONS OF SEALS

"Maria, what happened?"
 "Tonio, I'm so glad you're here," she said, reaching for his arm. "It's David. There's been an accident. They're operating right now." She tangles a rosary in her fingers. "I haven't seen him, but Gloria has. She was there."

"Glori, was it serious?" blurted an excited father.

"Oh... he was bleeding so much. It was his head... She couldn't say any more as she began to cry noisily.

Her father held her and her mother very close. "Let's go sit over there," he said, moving toward a bench. After they were seated, he hurried to the information desk. "What can you tell me about David Colombo's condition..."

"Well doctor?"

"I don't think he'll... he'll come out of it nurse. That fracture is very serious. Give him a mild stimulant to see if he can be roused; then make out a report and bring it to me."

"Yes doctor. Is that all?"

"Put him in isolation, said the doctor, leaving the room, let's not take any chances with a wound that large."

Then David was transported through terrazzoed halls to an isolation compartment. It was a very small, beige room with an antiseptic smell, and no windows. The nurses left, then returned with a syringe and inject the mild stimulant. "There you go, David," she said. "Wake up!"

The boy makes no response; there is no movement in his face or anywhere.

"Wake up!"

"Wake up?" he thinks to himself. "Wake up?... Whose voice is that?... I'm awake! he says intending to be heard. But there is no sound and expression on his face."

"Well, there isn't any response," said the nurse aloud to herself.

"I'm awake!" David said silently in exasperation, as she left the room...

"I'm sorry we... Oh, doctor? Doctor?" called the nurse at the information desk. This is Mr. Colombo. He's wondering about his son."

"Well, sir, I'm not going to lie to you. Your son is in very serious condition. He's in a coma now and is not responding to treatment. It's difficult to say what will happen. He may regain consciousness; or he may not. If not, he may not live for a very long time. I don't have the knowledge to tell you if he'll live or die."

"Can I see him doctor?"

"He's in isolation, but you may see him if you will shower and wear a robe which will be given to you. Nurse?" he called -

"And my wife and daughter?" asked Tonio excitedly.

"They may go too, but must follow the same procedure."

"Come. We can see him,"

called Toni to his seated family.

"Is it serious?" forced Maria, rushing toward the doctor and ignoring her husband.

"I'm afraid so", he replied solemnly to her weary, dazed expression.

"Doctor, would you send a priest, please, please?" she asked through her stupor.

"One is already on his way, Mrs. Colombo," replied the doctor as Gloria and Toni guided her toward the waiting nurse.

After their shower and change, the three entered the isolation compartment and stood silently, watching David. Then Maria spoke with more air rushing from her lips than the sounds required: "Toni, he looks so strange!"

"There's no expression - he looks so quiet. Don't you think?"

"Quiet! Oh, Dad!" The girl began to cry.

"There, there, Gloria. There, there"

"Hey everyone. Don't cry. I'm awake," said David, just as he had to the nurse.

As Toni quieted Gloria, Maria slipped into silent prayer, fingering the beads of her rosary. Toni noticed and signalled to Gloria to join in silent prayer for the boy's benefit.



"Hey, every..." though he remained expressionless a new heaviness began to set on David. Then he became empty inside - there were no more signals. Numbness gripped his mind and he began to dream. He saw creatures of white and red; animals of black and cream. He saw bodies caked with their own blood, shrivelled bodies, bodies with cancerous, festering sores. He saw the bodies of men being eaten by all the lower creatures; carrion for the birds; compost for the worms and ants. The sight was so repulsive that it triggered sensations within him that startled him out of his numbness.

"Oh, dad, I can't pray. How can God be so cruel? Why should we pray to Him after what's happened to David? I don't think there is a God!" screamed a hysterical Gloria.

"Look, I know it's hard to take, but it's all we can do," said the mother sternly in an attempt to console her daughter.

"Don't! Don't say that, Gloria. Don't you -" said the expressionless body of David as he drifted back into his previous numbness and dream. This time he felt

himself being vibrated; then he was cold! then objects fell from the skies all around him; then everything disappeared into total darkness! and finally, he was jolted out of his dream by violent body activity.

"There is no God! I hate Him! I hate Him!" screamed Gloria, "I hate Him!"

"Gloria, shut up! Don't say that!" yelled her father. "We need His help! Ask Him, with your mother and I, to save David."

"No! No! I won't" cried Gloria, running from the room, hate exploding inside her.

"I guess I..." said Toni motioning toward the door.

"No stay here. He needs us now. We can see to her later. I want you here when the priest arrives. David may not have much time."

"My God... I'm about to die," thought David to himself. "My Lord, I'm sorry for any wrongs I have committed..."

In her hurried escape, Gloria collided with the priest coming to see David. Hold on there. Calm down, my child," consoled the priest, while Gloria screamed her hatred of the cruel God she had come to know. "My child, the Lord works in mysterious ways," is all he could say as he hurried in to see David.

He approached the bed, nodded a salute to the parents, then: "In the name of the Father..."

"... against You... A priest..."

And then, David's body once again succumbed to a heaviness, and a numbness, and it entered a final dream. He saw a multitude of people - each one bearing a figure on his forehead.

"... May the Lord, Jesus Christ, have mercy on your soul. Amen."

Bob Maolo

MIKE MINTERN

Mike Mintern, a very fine musician with a distinctive style, held an audience captive for 3 hours last Wednesday at Colman Place. The most impressive thing about this concert was that it was performed completely without a sound system and with Mintern's smooth vocals, a sound system would have been superfluous. The three sets were composed of Mike's own compositions with a few selections from Tim Hardin and others. Between sets another fine musician, Mike Thompson, combining harp, blues guitar, bassdrum and high hat, provided the entertainment. All in all a fine afternoon of music.

Those who were too busy sitting around the Cafeteria or Common Room and missed the concert, too... bad. Tino Temporale

Toronto Ontario SHAY

Duffin will present his one-man production, "BEHAN" at the Theatre-in-the-Dell commencing Dec. 27. The show, written by Duffin and taken from his personal acquaintance with Behan and from his books and plays, will run for four weeks.

Duffin, an Irish folksinger and actor, attended Hilbrooks "Mark Twain Tonight" in Vancouver back in 1967. While watching the performance he thought if Holbrook could bring Twain to life for him, why couldn't he do the same for other people with Behan. The following day he bought every available piece of literature written by and about the great-rebel-turned-playwright. Working on the script an average



of 25 hours a week, it has taken Duffin five years to mould his production.

Duffin brings out the most controversial of Behan's writings and the best of the beauty which he created. The monologue is interspersed with Irish ballads and snatches of IRA Revolutionary songs.

Shay Duffin was born in Dublin - the same area that produced the Behans, the James Plunketts and the Christy Browns. At the age of 14 he stepped out into the world of business with nothing more than a strong pair of hands, a good singing voice and no seat in his trousers.

By the time he reached the age of 20, he had completed six years apprenticeship as a journey man upholsterer. He also sang in local talent shows and appeared on quiz programs. His mother claimed that if he knew his prayers as well as showbusiness, he would be assured of a place in heaven.

His career as upholsterer reached a pinnacle when he was instructed by his employer in Royal Leamington Spa., Warwickshire, to upholster a toilet seat for Princess Margaret in her

spring residence. Shay Duffin, Upholsterer by Royal Appointment, was sufficient qualification for a visa into Canada.

Throughout the following years in Canada, Duffin utilized his earnings to help subsidize a part-time career as an Irish folksinger. He appeared on CBC's "Cariboo Country," "Chorus Gentlemen" and numerous other TV productions. He was awarded a Best Actor Award in the Dominion Drama Festival, appeared in 16 episodes of "Littlest Hobo" a role in "The Trap", the Canadian made Oliver Reed epic, lead roles in "Finians Rainbow", "Brigsdoon", "Most Happy Fella" and "West Side Story". He appeared for five seasons with the Emerald Players and two seasons with the Vancouver Playhouse Company.

In 1967 Duffin turned professional after signing a recording contract with RCA. His first LP, "Off to Dublin in the Green", was one of the country's top sellers of that year. He has also recorded singles and three more LPs, the latest of which - "The Legend of the Black Donnelly's" - was released this summer. It contains six of Duffin's original compositions. For the past four years, Duffin has been touring Canada and the U.S.A. as a singer and entertainer and working on his one-man show "BEHAN".

Performances at the Dell will take place Monday through Thursday at 9 p.m. (\$3.00); two performances on Friday and Saturday evenings at 8 p.m. and 10.30 p.m. (\$3.50).

The number to call for reservations is : 368-5309.



downchild blues band



I wish I could say that SAGE'S Christmas and Good Luck on your exams present was an exciting and spectacular show, but unfortunately, the Downchild Blues Band just didn't have what it takes to sustain a two hour concert. This wasn't due to the music itself. Taken alone each number was quite good, incorporating some excellent sax solos. The problem was that each number sounded like the one before it, differentiated only by

whether the singer (and a mountain of a man he was) sang. Besides the two saxers, the rest of the band included a drummer who only knew two beats (but he did them well), a guitarist who had sort of a stuttering Alvin Lee style, and a bass. In my opinion their best song came (?) when the guitarist put down his implement of destruction and played harmonica. It's too bad that the lead guitarist wasn't as good as his instrument. It was an old Gibson of the

same variety that Hendrix and Clapton used to use on their recordings, (that was a little note for you serious music fans).

Anyway, luckily, the audience was in the mood to enjoy themselves so a good time was had by all
JIM CARPENTER

brahm's cycle

The first of four recitals devoted to Brahms' solo piano works a part of the Young Canadian Performers' series at the St. Lawrence Centre this season, takes place at the Centre's Town Hall, December 10 at 8:30 p.m. The recitalist is Canadian pianist, John McKay, who has undertaken to play the whole output of solo piano works of Johannes Brahms.

The cycle commemorates the 75th anniversary of Brahms' death. According to Franz Kraemer, YCP originator and music director for the Toronto Arts Foundation at the St. Lawrence Centre, the four concerts are the first performance of the entire cycle in Canada. Only three other pianists have performed the complete works, Walter Klien, Detlef Kraus and Julius Katchen.

Mr. Kraemer explains that only those works have been chosen for the cycle which were originally written for solo performance. This excludes the Waltzes, Opus 39 and the Hungarian Dances which were originally written for piano duet, and the transcriptions and exercises which are clearly intended for study only.

Montreal born John McKay, who studied with Lubka Kolesa, crowned his training in Canada with the Prix d'Europe prior to continuing his studies in Vienna and Cologne with Bruno Seidlhofer, and with Askenase in Brussels. In the Cologne critical reviews on his public performing of Brahms, McKay has been

It was Christmas eve and the Kristys were just leaving Mr. Kristy's boss's house.

"Thanks for the great evening, Mr. Gregor. Hope you have a good Christmas."

"Glad you enjoyed yourself Dan. You're sure you're all right to drive home now?"

"Positive. I'll take it easy."

"O.K. Good night Alice," Gregor said as he closed the door. Later, in the car on the way home, Kristy had just finished a horrendous fight with his wife about her behavior at the boss's and his impaired driving. Alice had fallen asleep. The journey home required the crossing of a five mile expanse of country road and the visibility was too low for a sober man let alone the impaired Kristy. All at once there was the soft crunch of the car ploughing through snow and then the muted sounds of trouble were interrupted by the thunderous smack as the auto collided with a large tree. Kristy awakened finding his car in the midst of a forest that one would expect to see in a fairy tale. He, in his dazed condition accepted this as a nice place to be but his Utopia was shattered as he looked into the passenger's seat beside him. There was his wife and directly above her head was the spider web of glass, Kristy leapt from the car and ran, screaming but not for help. He just screamed as a madman would. He ran, and ran, and ran, until he collapsed. Staring up through the branches of the trees which sheltered him, he calmed down enough to think sensibly. His wife was dead -- or was she -- she must be, the blood was all around and she looked so cold. Why her, and after that fight. Thoughts of suicide ran through his head; in

increasing doses but he was too much a coward for that. For his lack of courage and his wife he cried. How could he live his life without Alice. She had been so good. The thousands of memories of the good times danced through his head and he smiles, but then as a happy child who is spanked, he again wept for it was all gone. He shrieked a most blood curdling "I want to die", and with that, he passed out. In his state of unconsciousness, he dreamt of ropes tied to necks and tree branches, razor blades, pills and guns. At the end of this procession of instruments of self destruction, stood the figure of a matronly looking lady but she had no face. She stood and waited but his mind did not pass her over as it passed the other objects. All at once, in a soft and gentle voice, she said "think ye not of death young man, for this is truly the night of life's creation". At that, she and everything else disappeared and he slept peacefully. Upon awakening about a half an hour later, he collected himself and walked back towards where the car dug in. He began to think as he returned, of his dream and as he remembered more and more of it, he walked more and more quickly until he was in a full run. As each step increased in speed, he called to Alice with increasing volume. As he reached the accident, someone was towing his car out and there was an ambulance. All attending the tragedy turned as Kristy ran out of the forest. He ran directly to the ambulance where he found his wife unconscious but still alive and he knew that this was truly the eve of life and new hope and once again, he wept.

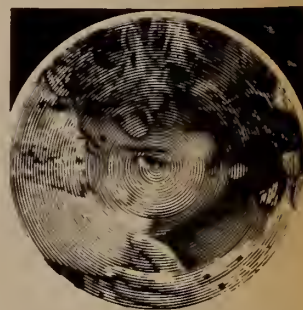


Singer enjoys our hot dogs.

given the highest praise. According to the Kolnische Rundschau, "In McKay's playing every note seems to have been carefully considered; every nuance bears its own special expression..." The Kolner Stadt-Anzeiger said, "He presented a manly, fully-formed portrait of Brahms on the highest technical plane. One experienced with joy, a musician who planned and executed meaningful phrases, caesuras and climaxes."

Mr. McKay is currently teaching at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto. The remaining three concerts in the Brahms Cycle will take place on Friday, January 28, Friday, March 3, and Friday, April 21.

The presentation of the Young Canadian Performers series, as well as the upcoming "Spring Season" of "Music at the Centre" has been made possible through the generosity of the Ontario Arts Council and the Canada Council.



THIS IS THE WORLD OF CARE:

Providing nutritious food for school children and pre-schoolers, health services for the sick and handicapped, facilities and equipment for basic schooling and technical training, tools and equipment for community endeavours. Your support of CARE makes such things possible for millions of individuals around the world.

One dollar per person each year would do it!

SPORT

If you want to build character try something else

The Cultural Revolution has penetrated the last strong hold of the American myth — the locker room. Young athletes, having scaled new levels of consciousness, now challenge a long-standing article of faith — the belief that competition has intrinsic value. They enter sports in search of particular aesthetic experience, essentially personal in nature. They no longer accept the authoritarian structure of sports, nor do they accept the supreme emphasis on winning. Outside critics who see in the sports world a metaphor for the moral deficiencies of American society add to the pressure in the once-sacred precincts.

Coaches and administrators defend organized sport with traditional claims that competition builds character and toughens the young for life in the real world. Coaches in particular don't want to listen to the requests of the young. The stereotype of the ideal athlete is fading fast. Long-haired radicals with life styles and political beliefs unheard of a few years ago people the uncomfortable dreams of coaches.

Limits. In the midst of the controversy psychologists find themselves being asked what personal, social or psychological significance can be attributed to organized sport. For the past eight years we have been studying the effects of

competition on personality. Our research began with the counselling of problem athletes, but it soon expanded to include athletes from the high-school gym to the professional arena. On the evidence gathered in this study, we can make some broad-range value judgements. We found no empirical support for the tradition that sport builds character. Indeed, there is evidence that athletic competition limits growth in some areas. It seems that the personality of the ideal athlete is not the result of any molding process, but comes out of the ruthless selection process that occurs at all levels of sport. Athletic competition has no more beneficial effects than intense endeavor in any other field. Horatio Alger success — in sport or elsewhere — comes only to those who already are mentally fit, resilient and strong.

Types. The problem athletes who made up our original sample displayed such severe emotional reactions to stress that we had serious doubts about the basic value of athletic competition. The problems associated with sport covered a wide spectrum of behavior, but we were able to isolate major syndromes: The con-man athlete, the hyper-anxious athlete, the athlete who resists coaching, the success-phobic athlete, the injury-prone athlete and

the depression-prone athlete.

When we confronted such cases, it became more and more difficult for us to make positive clinical interpretations on the effects of competition. In 1963, we established the Institute for the Study of Athletic Motivation to start research aimed at helping athletes reach their potentials. To identify sport specific personality traits, we and Lee Lion developed the Athletic Motivation Inventory (AMI) which measures 11 traits common to most successful sports figures. We have since administered the AMI to approximately 15,000 athletes. The results of these tests indicate that general sports personalities do exist.

Traits. Athletes who survive the high attrition rate associated with sports competition are characterized by all or most of the following traits:

- 1) they have great need for achievement and tend to set high but realistic goals for themselves and others.
- 2) they are highly organized, orderly, respectful of authority and dominant.
- 3) they have large capacity for trust, great psychological endurance, self-control, low-resting levels of anxiety, and slightly greater ability to express aggression.

Most athletes indicate low interest in receiving support and concern from others, low need to take care of others, and low need for affiliation. Such a personality seems necessary to achieve victory over others. There is some question whether these trends are temporary character traits — changing when the athlete gets out of sport — or permanent ones. Using men coaches and women physical educators as reference groups, we would predict that these character trends remain highly stable.

Women. We discovered subgroupings within the athletic personality. For example, outstanding women competitors show a greater tendency toward introversion, greater autonomy needs, and a combination of qualities suggesting that they are more creative than their male counterparts. They show less need for sensitive and understanding involvement with others.

"More than participants in any other sport, drivers are tough-minded hard-headed realists. They are reserved and cool."

Women competitors are more reserved and cool, more experimental, more independent than male. Interestingly, we found that among women there was far less trait variation from one

sport to another than there was among men. (Exceptions were women fencers, gymnasts and parachutists.) We attribute this to cultural repression of women — to succeed in any field, a woman has to be able to stand up and spit in the eye of those in charge.

Inner. In addition to sex differences, we were able to distinguish a team sports personality from an individual sports personality. Persons in individual competition tend more toward healthy introversion. They are less affiliative than team players, have a high level of aggression and tend to be more creative.

For some sports we could even distinguish a particular personality type. For example, the example, the data strongly distinguish a race-driver personality. More than participants in any other sport, drivers are tough-minded, hard-headed realists. They are reserved and cool. They override their feelings and are not fanciful. They do not show anxiety or tension and are self-sufficient. They are tremendously achievement-oriented, far more than the average athlete.

Bare. Our original hypothesis about the ill effects of high-level competition turned out to be unfounded. When we completed tests on the original teams, we discovered no negative relation between athletic achievement and emotional maturity or control. On the contrary, the higher the achievement, the greater the probability the athlete would have emotional maturity or control. Sport is like most other activities — those who survive tend to have stronger personalities.

The competitive-sport experience is unique in the way it compresses the selection process into a compact time and space. There are few areas of human endeavour that can match the Olympic trials or a professional training camp for intensity of human stress. A young athlete often must face in hours or days the kind of pressure that occurs in the life of the achievement-oriented man over several years. The potential for laying bare the personality structure of the individual is considerable. When the athlete's ego is deeply invested in sports achievement, very few of the neurotic protective mechanisms provide adequate or sustaining cover. Basically, each must face his moment of truth and live with the consequences. The pro-rookie usually gets only three of four chances to demonstrate ability before he

is sent home. What sort of personality structure supports the person who can face this blunt reinforcement of reality?

Wife. And beyond brutally rapid and clear evaluation of competence is the stress from the neglect of basic human needs that may accompany athletic success. Take the case of a high draft-choice football player; after tearing up the camp the first few days, he turned morose and sullen. He was experiencing what often happens to men who excel in any area — the withdrawal of emotional support from those outside his field. Persons who were close to this gifted young man had pulled away, assuming that they were no longer important in his life, that he had outgrown his need for them. They anticipated rejection, but rather than live with this threat they retreated at the first opportunity. Quite often an athlete's wife experiences this reaction. Threatened by her husband's new acclaim, she may withhold love and support from him. When the tension between his success on the field and his crumbling home life gets unbearable, the athlete sometimes manages to get a mild injury. Rare is the man who can make it in sport without the support of his wife.

Flaws. Under such intense pressure with threats from so many different directions, personality flaws manifest themselves quickly. We found that personal reactions to the stress of competition remain fairly constant across the sports. Depression, combined with failure due to unconscious fear of

"Competition doesn't seem to build character, and it is possible that even require much more than a minimally integrated personality."

success, hyperanxiety (the athlete who burns himself out before the competition begins), and exaggerated sensitivity to failure or criticism accounted for more than half of our referrals. The same telescoping of time and space that uncovers personality deficiencies with such rapidity, however, provides a splendid laboratory for experimentation with self-change. The rapidity and clarity of feedback in competitive sports provides a fine opportunity for the individual athlete who knows which traits he wants to change and who has the motivation to do so.

By showing the athlete

Cont'd. on page 14





MACHINES UP

Well here it is. The rubber company is pulling off a torture test here at Erindale: 2 weeks or 69 miles; 4 ply nylon, front re-alignment, studs removed free. We'd like this test or project to work, so let's get every finger involved.

S.A.G.E. plans on informing the administration before the Christmas Holly-days of its involvement with safes! Prophylactic dispensers (four) will be installed in the men's and ladies washrooms of both the Preliminary building and Science building during the Holly-days. If the administration says no, they may be installed in Colman House. Prevention of Venereal Disease is the prime objective of this project as well as another type of prevention.

In a report by Andy Denver, it is stated that 10-28% of all university students have V.D. The rate is still rising.

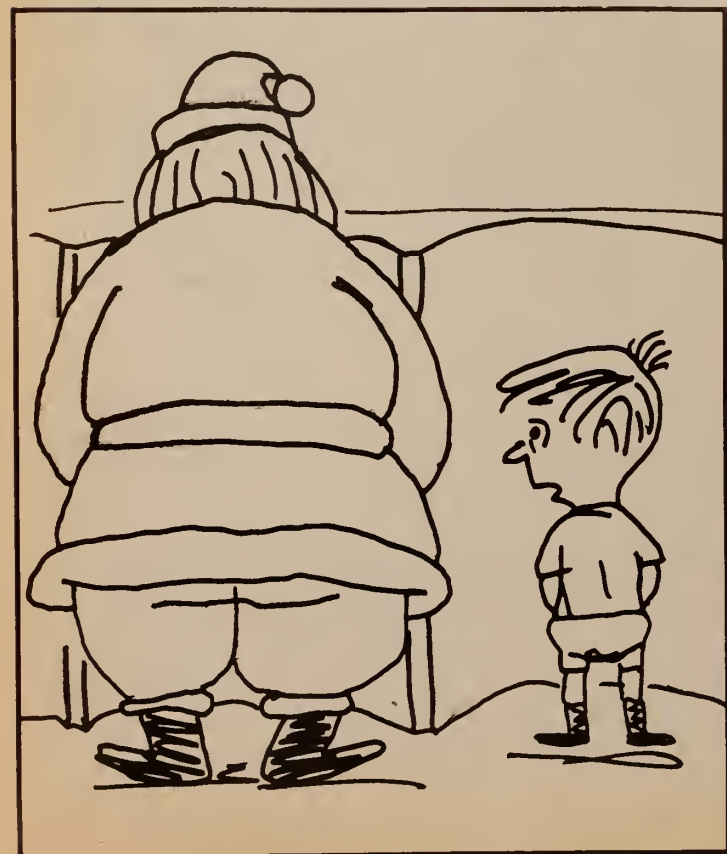
Scarborough College

installed several dispensers last year and the results were stupendous: in 4 months, 1000 safes were sold in the girl's washrooms. Hmmm! Waterloo has also provided this for several years now. SAC is planning to install dispensers across the university complex.

S.A.G.E. has found a company which provides a good quality of safes and at 25 cents each. (S.A.G.E. road-tested the product first). The company will be paying rent for putting up the dispensers. This money will be used by S.A.G.E. for other new projects in the new year. Also, to begin the ball rolling for the new year, S.A.G.E. plans on having Women's Rights forums with such topics as abortion.

With S.A.G.E. so obviously interested in non-production at this College, we can "safely" drive forth into the new year.

... by ... tanya abolins



SPORT

Cont'd from page 13

that certain habitual ways of behaving or thinking keep him from reaching his potential, we open a collaborative approach between coach and athlete that may solve the problem. Obviously the motive to change depends on a number of variables, including the extent to which the ego is invested in sports. When we sit down with a young man who has just signed a contract for \$250,000 and tell him that on the basis of his test scores he doesn't measure up to his fellow pros in certain traits, he makes only one comment: "How do I change that Doc?" But the high-school athlete has a motivational conflict of another order when he has to decide whether he will work to support his car so that he can keep his girlfriend or spend his time excelling in his sport.

Roots. Though we can identify the common traits of successful athletes and counsel a highly motivated youth on how to strengthen particular traits, we cannot tell how much these traits actually contribute to athletic success. Competition does not seem to build character and it is possible that competition doesn't even require much more than a minimally integrated personality.

Innate physical ability is always a contaminating factor when we attempt to make statements about the relationship between character and success. Even using a sample of Olympic competitors and professionals, we find that independent judges' ratings of ability in any given athlete fluctuate considerably. At best, judges can agree on the relative ability of athletes in the top and bottom six to 12 percent.

We are similarly unable to determine the extent which character contributes to coaching success. In this case the uncontrolled factor is the degree to which the coach is master of his science. We found that there is no way to compensate for lack of knowledge in one's field, but we do not know the degree to which this skill must be augmented by strong character traits.

We know from our work hundreds of outstanding competitors who possess strong character formation that complements high motor skill. But we found others who possessed so few strong character traits that it was difficult on the basis of personality to

"An athlete's wife, threatened by her

husband's new acclaim, may withhold love and support from him."

account for their success. There were gold-medal Olympic winners in Mexico and Japan whom we would classify as overcompensatory greats. Only magnificent physical gifts enabled them to overcome constant tension, anxiety and self-doubt. They are unhappy and when the talent ages and fades, they become derelicts, while someone like Roosevelt Grier just goes on to bigger mountains. We often wonder how much higher some of these great performers might have gone if they had, say, the strong personality structure that characterized our women's Olympic fencing team.

A certain minimum personality development is essential. We once encountered a long-distance runner who was so gifted that, late one night, running in total darkness with only pacers and timers, he broke the NCAA record for his event. The mark would have survived for the next four years. But upon achieving this goal, he quit the team, never to compete again. He later explained that he did it to get even with his coach; but our data suggest a different interpretation. It seems that grave personal doubts about his worth as a person impaired his capacity to support the burden of success. He preferred to protect his fragile ego by showing bursts of superior performance then retreating to mediocrity so that others would not depend on him.

Lid. We have also seen some indications that there may be an upper limit on the character development needed for success in sport. Sometimes we find players who have good physical skills coupled with immense character strengths who don't make it in sports. They seem to be so well put together emotionally that there is no neurotic tie to sport. The rewards of sport aren't enough for them any more, and they turn away voluntarily to other, more challenging fields. This is singularly frustrating to their coaches.

We quickly discovered that the coach was the crucial factor — whether we were trying to modify a disturbed athlete's behaviour, or measure the influence of competition on the successful athlete's personality. Consequently, we made special efforts to identify the personality. It was similar to the competitor's but the traits tended to be intensified, as with race drivers.

Blind. We found that our test data provided a more reliable personality model of athletes than the coach's

observations, that the tests gave better insights into individual limitations as well as strengths. Coaches are most reliable in their perception of personality tendencies that are a significant part of their own character structure. They prove to be most reliable in identifying the traits of dominance, psychological endurance and athletic drive, but are unable to recognize such traits as emotional control, self-abasement, self-confidence, trust conscience, or tenderness. We also found that coaches tend to be blind to deficiencies in gifted athletes.

We find most coaches uncertain and anxious about the changes taking place in sport. They have shown an overwhelming positive response to our efforts to bring the tools of psychology into their careers. They're crying for

"Most coaches believe that a truly good athlete is also, by definition, a red-blooded, clean-living, truth-telling, prepared patriot."

new methods, new information. They know that they are not fully prepared for their tasks.

Win. Many of the changes run counter to values deeply rooted in the coach personality. Athletes who ask the basic question — "Is winning all that worthwhile?" — deny the coach's life work, and his very existence. Most coaches go by the Vince Lombardi dictum that "winning isn't everything — it's the only thing."

Conflict over values manifests itself in struggles over discipline. Hair length comes to mind. The coach sees hair as a problem of authority; he orders the athlete to get it cut and expects his order to be obeyed. In contrast, the athlete sees discipline as a peripheral, frivolous issue compared with his own struggle to find identity in the hair styles of his peers. Coach and hirsute athlete talk past each other. Value changes that a truly good athlete is also, by definition, a red-blooded, clean-living, truth telling, prepared patriot.

A top-notch competitor who disagrees with national policy is a heavy thing for a coach who undoubtedly believes that the wars of England were indeed won on the playing fields of Eton.

Many coaches won't be able to stand the strain. Eventually the world of sport is going to take the emphasis of winning at any cost. The new direction will be towards helping athletes make personally chosen modifications in behaviour; towards the joyous pursuit of aesthetic experience; towards a wide variety of personality and values.

Inevitably these changes are going to force the least flexible coaches out of the business — perhaps as many as a third of them.



SPORT SPURTS

Dedicated solely to the interests of the Jocks of Erindale, **SPORTS SPURTS** is brought to you every now and then by **GUINNESS STOUT**, noted cliché artist and wildman.

Fockey Flash
"Hockey Morning at Varsity" is brought to you through the courtesy of the Women's A.A. Interfac Office whose motto is "Schedule Erindale Games at Ridiculous Hours at Ridiculous Places so They Won't Have any Crowd Support." Monday last, at 8:00 a.m., our very own and beloved Hustlers dragged their sleepy bodies to Varsity Arena to engage in battle with the POTS girls. But our girls were made of sterner stuff and the result was a one-zip shutout for us! (hurray!) But the score could very well have been scoreless(?) our shooters having had a very difficult time of it trying to find the target.

This was the Hustler's second regular season league game this year and in both the pattern was similar. Playing against relatively weak teams (2 weeks ago vs. Phys. Ed) they carried the play to the opponent each time and had the best opportunities for goals but were unable to score, being shutout for 59½ mins until the last 30 seconds of this game against POTS. It was not good goalkeeping that kept them out either, for many Hustler shots had definitely beaten the goalie only to rebound off the posts, or trickle inches wide.

The goal famine was finally broken by the "First Line", of Patricia, Marg and Sue, on a goalmouth scramble. Actually, no one knows who scored the goal and we didn't find out who was given credit for it. (Scoresheets are immediately whisked away to the curious interfac office where they are buried so that no one can get too close a look at them.)

Looking therefore at all possible permutations of the set I have thusly awarded 1/3 of a point to each of the girls for scoring the goal and 2/3 each for the assist (i.e. — 1/3 if one of the others scored it, and 1/3 if the other of the others scored). This gives one full point to each girl for the scoring championship (later on in the year I might list the scoring leaders and other vital statistics (!) of interest (yea!).

The Hustlers did get an earlier goal in the second period which was disallowed for a penalty call. Patrice had picked up a loose puck and promptly skated in to score (1) but it seems though that naughty Gordie did a no no — and for some reason was given the gate. I didn't see what the call was but from the gash in the referee's (Butch) skull and the blood dripping from Gordie's stick, I would say that Gordie had accidentally "bumped" into her.

Faster Foster's Three Star Selection is Johnny "Moe" Bower, with her second shutout of the year, and Lou who handed out the stiffest check of the night!

(morning) The nice goin' award goes to Nance who had the best chances of her career in this game.

After the game head coach Ronan remarked — re the scoring slump — that the girls were leaving their shots until too late. "If they shoot from that close in they have no angle, whereas from farther out, they have more net to shoot for... a strategy which would work especially well against weaker goalies like we have seen to date."

A warning was issued to girls by "Butch" the ref., after the game about their "aggressive" play. Seems as though she's worried that Erindale might win it all this year!

The next Hustler game is after the Holidays, until then, the team wishes "Merry Christmas to all and to all a Good Night".

Official Hustler Lineup:

1. Moe (Johnny Bower) Nixon — G.
 2. Janet Campbell — D
 3. Lou Larouche — D
 4. Sandy Wight — D
 5. Shirley (Cruncher) Hobbs — D
 6. Sue (Sally) Manders — D
 7. Patrice McDonough — C
 8. Nancy Heslin — L.W.
 9. Rosie (Gordie) McConville — R.W.
 14. "Bam Bam" Pam Shaw — C
 15. Marg (Rock) Duncan — R.W.
 16. Sue (Brawler) Bromley — LW
- Head Coach, Ronan Grogan
Body Coach, Dave Michie

story by ...Guinness Stout

Congratulations on an Active First Term

Activity Closing Dates
First Term

Starting Dates
in the New Year

Judo — Monday, Dec. 6th	Monday, Jan. 3rd
Karate — Thursday, Dec. 9th	Tuesday, Jan. 4th
Slim 'n Trim — Thurs. Dec. 9th	Monday, Jan. 3rd
Contemporary Dance	Wednesday, Jan. 5th
Fencing	To be Announced
Ski Instruction	Thursday, Jan. 6th
Weight Training Tuesday, Dec. 14th	Monday, Jan. 3rd
Men's & Women's Volleyball — Monday, December 6th	Monday, Jan. 10th
Men's Basketball Tues. Dec. 7th	Tuesday, Jan. 11th
Women's Hockey Practice, Tuesday, Dec. 7th	Tuesday, Jan. 4th
Men's Hockey Practice, Tuesday, 7:45 Dec. 14	Tuesday, January 4th
Pick-up Hockey, Thursday, Midnight, Dec. 9th	Thurs. Midnight, Jan. 13th
Intramural Basketball, Thurs. Dec. 9th	Thurs. Jan. 6th
Pick-up Basketball, Wed. Dec. 8th	Wednesday, Jan. 5th
Men's Intramural Hockey	Monday to Thursday
Thursday, Dec. 9th	January 10th — 13th
Free Skating, Friday, Dec. 10th	Friday, Jan. 14th
Badminton, Monday, Dec. 6th	Monday, January 10th
Curling, Wednesday, Dec. 15th	Wednesday, Jan. 5th

INQUIRIES — PHYSICAL EDUCATION OFFICE
HAVE A NICE CHRISTMAS EVERYONE AND
LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR CONTINUED
PARTICIPATION IN THE NEW YEAR

The Physical Education Office
and E.C.A.R.A.

VOLLEYBALLS

Not since that young Jewish fellow parted the Red Sea and the other one perfected the technique for walking on water (I mean Christ not Nixon) has the world witnessed a feat of magic

comparable to the Erindale Upset, and a convincing one, over the Sanitary Engineers from Downtown.

At first it was felt that such a contest would have better been held at the Colloseum (i.e. Lions vs. the Christians) but before the evening was over, the plumbers were ready for a big helping of crow.

The first game was a real cliff hanger. Erin and Engineers exchanged the lead constantly and it was highlighted by long volleys, good spiking, and strong offensive play by the Erin six pak. A verbal exchange followed between the Erindale cast and the plumbers. It was in Ukrainian, and when translated it went something like this: !@!\$%&*&!!!

The plumbers were then told by the entire Erindale team to sit in the corner and blow... up volley balls. Infuriated by this suggestion and by the fact that there wasn't enough volley balls to go around, the Eng. made a determined effort to steal a victory but were put down by Erindale 16-14. The joy was unbounding as this was the first time in recorded Erindale history that such a thing has occurred.

However, while the guys were busy patting each other and themselves all over, the engineers proceeded to take an early lead (7-8) in the second game and

Cont'd. on page 2

WARRIORS OUTTRUMP SCARBOROUGH WIN 4-3

"Bonsoir mesdames et messieurs, good evening ladies and gentlemen, this is the CBC, the Canadian Broadcasting Casteration, bringing you "Hockey Night at Huron" and at Erindale this is Faster Foster and Danny Galvanized with tonight's game between the Erindale Warriors and their arch-rivals, Scarborough College.

"The players are now lining up for the Natural Anthem and in a moment the game will be under way:

"Goose, goose,
Duck, Duck,
Cummon Erindale,
Let's f.f.fight!

"We have the warriors defending the south end to my right and Scarcol, the north end to my left. The officials for tonight's game referee, Seesless wilson and linesmen Red Story and Blue movie.

"The teams get ready now for the opening faceoff, but first, let's lause a moment for this message...

"Back to the game now, ints 10:30 of the 1st period and we've just had Ryeon (ham) scoring from Perks and Fuzzy. Now for

an instant replay of that commercial...

"Intermission time now and at the gonolla we have our first period analyst Bob Golden — Molsen's.

"Thank you Faster, well folks, as you saw, Orion's goal gave Erindale a 1 nothing lead which is what usually happens when someone scores the first goal. Scarborough ties it one minute later and at 17:30, taking advantage of a "fussy" penalty, took the lead 2-1. Final goal of the first period came at 21:26(?) with the Trucks popping in a shot from Moose and Perks. It was a whale of a first period Faster, too bad you missed most of it. By the way, how were the commercials?"

"Back to live action again, Scarborough has just taken the lead 3-2 on a goal at 17'05 just five seconds before the buzzer went to end the second period (!)

For our second period intermission we take you into the Warrior dressing room where we will interview Michie da Vee. Well Mick, how about a few words for our television audience?

"....."

"Ladies and gentlemen due to difficulties beyond our control, we are unable to bring you the audio portion of our program. We switch now to ward Cornell under the bar at the Hot stove Lounge who will bring you the slow motion replays of the second period commercials..."

"Now into the third period of play we have had a spattering of skirmishes with the Truck getting the gate for fisticuffs at 1:35. Twenty seconds later Gibby was given three minutes and fourteen seconds for interference when a Scarplayer got tankled up in his hair, giving Erindale a one-man disadvantage. But our men are made of sterner stuff and Ryan picked up a loose puck and skated the length of the ice to pick up his second goal of the night! Here's how it sounded:

"... it's Tyan now checking in the corner to McMillan's left... he blocks the shot and picks it up along the boards!... He's to centre now... gets it past the Scarborough defense and is in the clear... he winds up... he shoots, he scores... Ryan, at 3:15 of the third period, unassisted for his second goal of the night on a clearcut breakaway! And with a bull in the action we pause for station identification..."

INTRAMURAL HOCKEY STANDINGS

	G	W	L	T	Pts.
Frank's Friggers	6	4	1	1	9
Talbot's Teddy Bears	5	4	1	0	8
Crone's Cronies	6	3	3	0	6
Hutch's Hunnies	6	1	3	1	3
Hewitt's Hackers	5	0	5	0	0

Intramural Hockey closed off last week until the New Year with the Teddy Bears just

SPORTS UP & COMING

GIRLS:

Jan. 10, 1972

HOCKEY — 8 a.m. vs. P.H.E. Iv. at Varsity.

Jan. 28th:

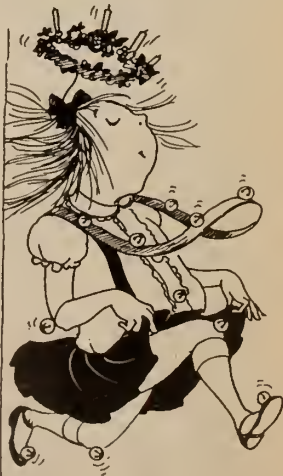
HOCKEY — 8 a.m. vs. Vic I at Varsity.

one point behind the Friggers. A last minute goal by Joe Iacabaccio gave the Teddy Bears a win over the Friggers, 4-30. The Cronies defeated the Hunnies, 1-0 in a game which broke all record books in penalties. Duncan McCallum was outstanding in the nets when called upon late in the game to protect his shutout.

The players will take a well-deserved rest over the Christmas holidays to be in top shape for the rigorous 1972 schedule.



Printing Spirit



Tanya Dingles

while She Mingles



PEACE